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H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE OF ALBANY.

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COUNTRY LIFE
THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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OUR HIGHWAYS.

AT this season, more than at any other, attention is naturally directed to the condition of our roads. Should there be anything wrong with them, this is the moment when it is likely to be disclosed. It is the time of mire and wet, when a road resting on a bad foundation is transformed into mud. The steam-thrasher drawn by a traction engine is travelling from farm to farm, and on bad roads making a rut as deep as a potato drill. Where a service of heavy motors has been established the same thing happens. The bad road is an obstacle to the new vehicle, and the latter, while itself badly served, ploughs up the highway and thereby increases the rates. Soon or late this state of things must be faced and dealt with, and it seems to us that the matter might just as well be taken in hand at once. Many of the main roads are excellent. Some of them have lasted from Roman times, and many from coaching days, but the others are as bad as can be. Quite near London there are picturesque lanes that were originally simple tracks, and never have been made into thorough roads. They did not serve even the simple purpose for which they were designed. Traffic used to be far more local than it is now, and yet how often do we read that in the days before steam my lady's chariot had got stuck in the mire, or that the family coach was immovable, even by its team of six!

Within the last few years we have begun to make far heavier demands on our roadways, and the chances are that they will increase. The requirements may be set out under two heads. What the owner of a ponderous vehicle requires is a solid foundation for his road, so that frost will not crack it, nor his wheels form a rut in wet weather. But though there are in operation plenty of plans that secure a good surface, the foundation is often so bad that in winter the surface breaks and the road is spoiled. In that case it ceases to answer the purpose of our second class, the possessor of light-running vehicles, such as swift motor-cars. Nor must we forget a third party interested in the road, that is to say, the cyclist. To him or her a durable, smooth surface is of pre-eminent importance. The manner in which these objects are to be attained is a subject of profound interest.

A hand-to-mouth policy in regard to roads is the least economical. By a liberal outlay for a thorough construction at the start great saving will be effected in the end. The road that is continually in need of mending is bound to be most expensive, and not at all satisfactory. Authorities are agreed that without a deep and sound foundation there can be no good roads. No doubt the outlay would be considerable, but it can be met. And there is one point that can be urged with great force. Already this winter we have had processions of unemployed, and should a hard frost come much more will be heard of them. In our workhouses, too, or receiving outdoor relief, there are numbers of able-bodied paupers from whom it is customary to exact labour of a more or less unproductive kind. Why should we not turn them on to road-making? A fair test to apply to the man who says he has no work to do would be to lend him a pickaxe and a shovel and see of what use he can be on the highway. An additional advantage would be that each locality would thus be enabled to look after its own roads and its own poor at the same time. So long as those who had not the capacity were exempt, no objection could be taken to this. If a man will not work neither shall he eat, is a law as wholesome as it is stern. It would be the making of many of those who at present are ranged as part of the submerged tenth. Honest toil in the open-air, if accompanied by nourishing food—and steps should be taken to see that earnings are expended on this—is medicine alike for soul and body. Nor does it involve the introduction of any new principle, since those who seek casual hospitality in the workhouse are already required to do an allotted share of work in the stoneyard. The suggestion is, at any rate, well worth the consideration of local authorities. It would no doubt be necessary to employ a certain number of regular workmen; but the proposal to supplement their toil with that of paupers and unemployed is, at least, a good alternative to the establishment of labour colonies, concerning which a good deal has been heard of late. The objection that work given the unemployed is generally useless would not lie against it.

The next question to be considered is that of ways and means. Here, again, we must take into account the way in which things have altered. Obvious disadvantages attended the system of toll-gates, but it had at least this element of justice—that those who used the road had to pay for it. The contrary is the case under the present system; for, as we have said, local traffic has changed in character. The transformation of arable land into pasture has greatly reduced the amount of carting which the average farmer has to do, and the long depression has caused the landowner to economise in carriages and horseflesh. Who, then, make most use of the roads, and to whom is it of most importance that they should be kept in good condition? Town tradesmen and manufacturers probably hold the first place. But to them must be added motorists, cyclists, and owners of traction engines. Probably the first two would reply that their rubber tyres damage the road very little. Yes, but, on the other hand, it is to them urgently important that the roads should be maintained in first-rate condition. It would not, therefore, be unfair to suggest a tax on wheels as a just method of meeting highway expenditure. Yet we know it is impracticable. After all, the pedestrian uses the road as much as the cyclist, and it is to his interest that steps should be taken. Nevertheless, it appears to us that the most satisfactory plan of all would be to treat outlay on highways as Imperial expenditure. In these days of free travelling the local traffic is much less than that which comes from a distance, and the maintenance of the highways is of as much importance to the urban as to the rural subject of the King. This is not taking into consideration the difference between urban and rural traffic, which may be reserved for later consideration. No one contends that the changes can be accomplished by a stroke of the pen.

Our Portrait Illustration.

ON our first page this week will be found a portrait of Princess Alice of Albany, whose engagement to Prince Alexander of Teck has just been announced.



ALTHOUGH it is only the first week in December, the air is full of Parliamentary rumours. Last week it was steadfastly asserted, and this week it is just as steadfastly denied, that Mr. Balfour and his colleagues have determined on a dissolution early in the spring. The rumour, it is easy to understand, could be of itself, but it would be very astonishing had it been true, as we may take it for certain that after reconstructing his Cabinet the Prime Minister would be in no hurry to vacate office, unless under pressure of a defeat in the House of Commons. On the other hand, definite intelligence has been received that King Edward VII. intends to open Parliament in State when it assembles early in the year. This is a very welcome piece of news, as the ceremony seems to be shorn of nine-tenths of its state when the Sovereign is not present. On that occasion we understand that the new "procession-road" down the Mall will be used for the first time.

Some slight uneasiness is still felt in Court circles as to the health of the German Emperor. The wound caused by the operation on his throat has been slower in healing than was at first hoped, and it is feared that some unexpected complications may have arisen. There is no danger at present, but the Kaiser has been advised by his doctors to take a complete rest and spend a month or two either in Italy or cruising about in Southern waters. His Majesty is in excellent spirits, and places full confidence in Professor Schmidt, who performed the operation, and upon whom he has conferred the titles of "Privy Councillor of Medicine" and "Excellency." Kaiser William has always led a healthy life, and it is sincerely to be hoped that the prescribed rest will re-establish his health and drive away all fear of his developing the complaint from which his father suffered.

The visit of the British Members of Parliament to Paris has served to establish still more firmly the friendly relations already existing between France and England. The greatest hospitality was extended to the visitors, and many attractive arrangements were made for their entertainment, including a reception and lunch at the Chamber of Commerce, where the Parliamentary party was officially welcomed by M. Derode, President of the Paris Chamber. They afterwards proceeded to a reception at the Hotel de Ville, and from there to the Crédit Lyonnais, where they were cordially received by the Governor, M. Georges Pallain, and his wife. Perhaps the most delightful of the unofficial ceremonies was a visit to the studio of M. Rodin, where the visitors had the privilege of seeing two of the great sculptor's new creations, one called "The Hand of God," and the other "Venus Kissing Adonis." The comments of the French Press on the Parliamentary visit are cordial in the extreme, and, to quote the *Figaro*: "Thanks to this mutual enlightenment the stage will eventually be reached when Great Britain and France will no longer be strangers to one another, and any thought of war will be rejected with horror as being akin to fratricide."

Nothing more topical could well have appeared in our Christmas Number than the very characteristic picture called "Winter," which Mr. Greatbach has contributed to our paper. From Scotland, as well as from the Continent, the news comes, as we write, that snow and frost have set in and winter has arrived in earnest. For once he is welcome. Any sort of weather would be preferable to the continuous floods of rain to which we have been subjected during the last twelve months; and though cold is perhaps the cause of more misery in the crowded quarters of the town than any other kind of weather, even it will be borne cheerfully after the long rheumatic-giving dampness.

At the moment when the undergraduates of Cambridge are producing the great play, "The Birds," of Aristophanes in the

purest classic Greek, as it is known to the modern British learning, it is curious to read of the intense indignation excited at Athens by the production of the tragedies of Sophocles and Aeschylus in the colloquial "Greek as she is spoke." At an indignation meeting lately held at the Athenian University Hall Professor Mistriots denounced these corruptors of the classic language as national traitors, and moved that all the officials connected with the profanation should be degraded from their offices. It would be interesting if we could know what view Aristophanes himself would have taken of the innovation. There seem to be elements in the business that might make a fine appeal to the genius of the comedian.

Our readers will be extremely glad to hear of the recovery of Algernon Charles Swinburne, who has been suffering from double pneumonia. Mr. Swinburne for so many years gave expression to the moods and thoughts of Young England, that it is impossible to realise his getting old. Probably no one in English literature ever exercised as profound an influence on the younger poets as he has done. For years back he has not been so much before the public as he was in the seventies and eighties, but the work produced by him in the intervening time has been of the very highest quality, and the range of his admirers has been steadily expanding. It is an open secret that he might have been Poet Laureate on the death of Tennyson if he had wished it, only some of the views and opinions embodied in his earlier works made the occupation of such a post incongruous, and, at any rate, he declined it. Although he has survived so many of the illustrious contemporaries of his youth, such as Tennyson, Browning, Ruskin, Rossetti, and William Morris, he is not so old but that we may hope for his complete recovery before the issue of the book of verses expected from him in the course of the present season.

THE WEAVER OF SNOW.

In Polar noons when the moonshine glimmers
And the frost-fans whirl,
And whiter than moonlight the ice-flowers grow,
And the lunar rainbow quivers and shimmers,
And the Silent Laugher dance to and fro,
A stooping girl
As pale as pearl
Gathers the frost-flowers where they blow :
And the fleet-foot fairies smile, for they know
The Weaver of Snow.

And she climbs at last to a berg set free,
That drifteth slow :
And she sails to the edge of the world we see :
And waits till the wings of the north wind lean
Like an eagle's wings o'er a lochan of green,
And the pale stars glow
On berg and floe. . . .
Then down on our world with a wild laugh of glee
She empties her lap full of shimmer and sheen.
And that is the way in a dream I have seen
The Weaver of Snow.

FIONA MACLEOD.

Peculiar curiosity is felt in this office as to the source whence Lord Rosebery obtained the phrase he used in Edinburgh on Saturday, "bedside books." For some time such a series has been discussed here, and Lord Rosebery has given expression to our own opinion on the matter. He was talking about a book that would have suited the purpose admirably, that is to say, a collection of homely letters of Cockburn of Ormiston to his gardener, written in the early part of the eighteenth century. Lord Rosebery said, if he might classify it, he would put it "among that rare collection of books which people could enjoy by their bedside, not as literary opiates, but because they were pleasant and healthy to read, which they could break off at any moment when they felt drowsy, and which left a pleasant impression on them when they laid them down." No better prospectus could have been drawn up for the books we have been planning, and we cannot help regarding it as a curious coincidence that the same thought should have been in the mind of Lord Rosebery. It shows at any rate that there is a demand for such books.

Suppose that all was ready, it might be interesting to ask what sort of books should be included in this bedroom shelf. Obviously one does not want before going to sleep to read what is sensational, thrilling, and exciting, any more than one would seek for what was abstruse and difficult to understand. What Charles Lamb called "books that are no books," should, also, be vigorously banished. This leaves, however, a wide world to select from, and, first, the library should include some volumes that are devotional in character. Even such of us as do not

profess to be deeply religious in tone have moments when to read the old Divines is pleasant and consoling. One would certainly like to have, say, "The Imitation of Christ," by Thomas à Kempis, "The Meditations of St. Augustine," and the poems of George Herbert. It is perfectly true that they might not be taken up once in three months, and yet it would be well to have them there when wanted. A few old plays, a good book of ballads, some of the best novels, a few pleasant memoirs—how easily could one draw up an enchanting list of volumes for the bedroom! They ought to be printed with exceeding clearness on the best paper, and be well bound in quiet, restful colours, so that to the eye as well as to the mind they would suggest what was serene and tranquil.

The *Times* of Tuesday, December 1st, suggests, curiously enough, that the history of Queen Anne's Bounty should be written. We say "curiously enough" because its mention is omitted from the same paper's supplement to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," which also omits to give any history of tithes, with which Queen Anne's Bounty is closely associated. We hope this will be remedied in a future edition, and in the meantime publicists who wish to confer lasting benefit on the clergy will do well to give this subject a little attention. In 1902 the value of the nominal hundred pounds of tithe rent charge was £69 7s. 5d., or some thirty pounds less than it ought to have been. This fact in itself will go far to account for the low salaries enjoyed at present by parsons of the Church of England. Recently, returns have been obtained to ascertain how many incomes are under £200 a year. The result is to show that between 1,000 and 1,200 benefices out of the 4,500 to whom the papers were sent have been found qualified to receive assistance. This points to a deplorable condition of things. A country parson, with all the demands made upon him by the poor and others, cannot keep up even a modest style of living on less than £200 a year; but the state of things never will be bettered till tithe is commuted all round and livings are rearranged on a just and equitable basis.

But that is only one side of the tithe question. It is even more important from an agricultural point of view. It is also flagrantly absurd. When the commutation was carried out in 1857, tithe was laid on individual fields, and the fluctuation is governed by a septennial average of the price of grain. Now this is extremely ridiculous. Since that time hundreds of thousands of acres have been changed from arable into permanent pasture, and we have become more of a dairying and stock-breeding than a corn-growing country, yet the tithe on a pastoral farm continues to be governed by the price of wheat, of which perhaps not a single sheaf is grown. And the land in East Anglia which has suffered most from depression, and has undergone the greatest loss of value, is tithe more heavily than are the very valuable pastures in some of the grazing counties. No one can make even a plausible attempt to defend this state of things. It works out unjustly to all concerned. Yet no statesman seems to have courage enough to grapple with the problem, or put the whole business on a sound and durable foundation.

It is doubtful whether the recent exposure of the administration of the Chantrey Bequest will have any better results than former attacks. The facts were most ably set forth by Mr. D. S. M'Coll. The dates and figures were indisputable. This was doubly proved by the fact that not one word of denial or defence was ever published from any member of the Royal Academy. All the papers in turn commented sympathetically on the attitude taken up by the writer in question, but even those most favourable to the administrators could find no argument in their defence. Unfortunately, nothing can now alter the reckless manner in which this money, left in so generous a cause, has been mis-spent. A walk round that portion of the Tate Gallery given over to the purchases of the Chantrey Bequest is a sickening experience. It must be more than sickening to those members of the Academy who have taken part in the selection of the works. The knowledge that Whistler, for instance, was satisfied to sell his *chef d'œuvre* to the Luxembourg for £150 whilst the Academicians were paying £800 and more for works which are now, and must have been at the time, artistically valueless, cannot bring pleasant or quieting moments of reflection.

The lost opportunities and maladministration of this fund may have had something to do with the origin of the new society which is now being formed for the purchase of works of art for State collections. We were told that a meeting was held at Burlington House two weeks ago in connection with the formation of this new society. Judging by the notable names of the members of the committee already formed, which represent such opposite and varied principles in art circles, we have reason to hope for good results. Anyone may join the society by the payment of a small yearly subscription. We shall watch its proceedings with no slight interest. That such an enterprise

should be undertaken by private individuals, speaks volumes for the deficiencies of our State in all matters connected with art. In most countries the Government undertakes such matters. This scheme is proof that our own State purchases are inadequate or insufficient.

At a sale of porcelain, decorative furniture, and other objects of art held by Messrs. Christie last week the enormous sum of £6,500 was given by Mr. C. J. Wertheimer for a single jewel. The gem is a rare sixteenth century pendant of gold set with diamonds, and probably of German workmanship. It is said to have been given by Queen Anne to Sir G. Allardice, M.P., for Kintore, and Master of the Mint, in recognition of his political services. The jewel represents the barge of Cleopatra manned by two rowers, and in the prow and stern are male and female musicians in sixteenth century costume. On a dais in the centre, beneath an ornate canopy, are the figures of Antony and Cleopatra. At the back is a composition of characteristic German scroll and strap work. The barge itself is decorated with applied gold strap-work, and the whole jewel is enriched with polychrome, opaque, and translucent enamels, and set with diamonds and pearls.

It is not often that England grows excited about a metal, but at the present moment, to use the language of the modish world, radium is all the rage. You can buy as much for £10 as will make a show at a tea-party, and a learned correspondent says that, compared with radium, gold and platinum are dirt cheap. It is, in fact, so extremely expensive, besides being rare, so that it would take a large number of millionaires to form a corner in it. But the serious side of the question is engaging a deeper attention. Many medical men are of opinion that this metal will have an important effect upon cancer, and the results of the experiments now being tried are being followed with the closest interest and attention. Again, its analysis by scientific men promises to effect a very great modification in the atomic theory, so that fashion and learning are equally fascinated. For the moment we say nothing more about it, but in a future number we hope to have this new metal adequately dealt with by an expert.

BETHLEHEM.

In the rude stall, His baby hands up-curled
Towards the Virgin Mother kneeling by,
Among the oxen see thy Saviour lie,
So poor, and yet the wonder of the world!
And mark above yon hill and plain impearled
With moonlight glories, speeding suddenly
Like a white cloud across the lucent sky
An angel-host on spirit wings unfurled.
Loud thrills their song through all the listening space.
The song of earth and heaven reconciled,
Nor dies it till, as now they near the place
And stand in Presence of the Undefiled,
Each with his shining pinions veils his face,
Awed by the Godhead in the little Child.

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.

In one of our architectural contemporaries there is an excellent article devoted to the improvement of the dwellings of the middle classes. A fruitful text for such a theme is to be found in the London suburban villa, with its discomfort within, its false and wrong ornament without, and general unsuitability for the purpose for which it was built. The writer, who seems to know the ground well, says the drawing-room is seldom utilised, because it involves an extra fire. The kitchen is too small and badly fitted up, while frugality of space has been exercised only too well in the construction of the scullery and pantry. If there is a hall, it is generally little more than a home for draughts, and he describes the bathroom as a small confined area where one may find a little hot water at irregular intervals. He is in favour of large rooms, and rightly points out that a big room is just as easy to keep clean, and much more comfortable, than a small one. We can scarcely go with him in his recommendation of American heating stoves, but the rest of his suggestions are extremely wholesome, and deserve careful consideration.

The letter which Earl Grey has written about public-house trusts is an extremely reasonable one. Its chief point is that the policy of Lord Grey will henceforth be to oppose the issue of a new licence where an old one has been surrendered. It is high time that this question of old licences should be looked into. Where a licence is surrendered in exchange for a new one we may assume that it is intrinsically worthless—that is to say, that the public-house to which it belongs is no longer a profitable property, but has been kept going simply and solely because the licence itself has a marketable value. Now we are all agreed o

the wisdom of reducing the number of licences, the only question in dispute being one as to compensation. But where a licence has grown worthless there can be no case for compensation whatever, and the mere circumstance of its having lost value shows that it can be withdrawn without injury to the comfort and well-being of the district in which it is situated. Let these licences drop, then, by all means. It will help in an automatic way to reduce the number of public-houses, and will not raise the question of compensation.

The weather of 1903 now stands unchallenged on its own bad eminence. At the end of last week it once more rained, and it rained, and it rained, till at last the fall is measured no longer in inches, but in yards, the rainfall of the present year being actually more than 3ft. Thus 1879 is beaten hollow, so is 1852 by a fraction of an inch, with the greater part of the month of December still to come, and the unofficial record of 1824 is also left behind. This is not said in a spirit of boastfulness, because, as a matter of fact, the continual downpour of rain has caused nothing except endless discomfort, even to those townspeople whose material interests are not directly affected. As to the rural swain, he has been reduced to a condition of despair. In many cases he has had to substitute boats and rafts for carts and waggons. His crops have been submerged, his buildings carried away by floods, his land so saturated with water that it will hold no more, and himself brought face to face with ruin. It seems probable that 1903 will long be an evil memory in the minds of our contemporaries and their posterity.

The racoon has always borne a reputation for cunning, and those which they have now in the Dublin Zoo at the Phoenix Park are giving a good deal of trouble to the attendants. When the outside enclosure was made for the "coons," those who knew anything of their cuteness prognosticated trouble with them. Early last summer, soon after being placed in their new quarters, one of the racoons escaped, but was recaptured in the lions' house (known as the Roberts' House). About a month ago the same coon, it is supposed, escaped again, and though it has shown no inclination to leave the grounds, yet up to this it has been found impossible to recapture it. It takes up its position in the most inaccessible places, successfully defying all attempts to catch it, only coming out to feed at night, and showing a decided preference for the lions' house; it has several times been seen in there, but always managed to get away, generally taking refuge under the lion cages, and peeping out at its pursuers as much as to say, "Catch me if you can."

A writer in an Indian newspaper has some interesting remarks to make on the disappearance of the Indian wolf, which a few generations ago was so abundant, and now is only rarely met with. This remarkable diminution in its numbers is

certainly not due to its having suffered so very severely at the hands of sportsmen, for it hardly ranks as a game animal at all, while the native population has never adopted any particularly vigorous measures to extirpate the roving packs. It seems a case in which the peaceful development of a country under agricultural conditions has led without direct or special effort to the extinction over by far the greater part of its area of a predatory species which flourished in an era of warfare and disturbance. The great days of the Indian wolf vanished when, with the institution of the "Pax Britannica," there was no longer an abundant food supply for his obscene hordes in the wake of every army, and secure harbourage over leagues of devastated fields. Its numbers began, accordingly, to decline early in the last century, and to-day it only lingers on in the wildest and remotest parts of the country.

A gentleman in the County Cork had quite an exciting encounter with a badger last week. Riding early one morning along the road between Healy's Bridge and Leemount Station, he noticed a badger in a field near Gawsorth Wood. Dismounting from his horse, he armed himself with a stout stick, and went after it. The badger only went a short distance, when it was brought to a halt by a fence, and turned and stood at bay. The gentleman dealt it a severe blow on the head, but not sufficient to disable the animal, which made at him with a wicked snap. In dealing a second blow the gentleman missed his footing and stumbled, and before he could recover himself the badger had gripped him by the knee. The first blow had, however, apparently injured the animal's jaw, as it was not able to inflict a severe bite. A regular rough-and-tumble scuffle ensued, but ultimately ended in the victory of the man, who despatched the animal by a blow on the head. The battle occupied fully seven minutes. The



M. Emil Frechon.

GOOD!

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badger was a big old fellow, measuring more than three feet in length.

Many attempts have been made from time to time to produce a good Irish cheese, but hitherto without success. Now, however, it looks as if the secret has at last been found out, as at the recent great annual show of cheese at Kilmarnock, N.B., a cheese made at Liscarroll, County Cork, was awarded sixth place in a class of sixty-one. Last year, at the same show, Irish cheeses were also successful, proving that it is quite possible to produce them of good quality in the Green Isle. The difficulty with Irish cheese, however, is said to be that, while good when fresh, it gets as tough as the proverbial shoe-leather when kept a short time.

In this, our Christmas Number, we have made a new departure in the way of giving our readers a foretaste of some of the important books that are to appear shortly in our "COUNTRY LIFE Library." There is first and foremost the fishing book

which Mr. Horace Hutchinson is editing for the sporting department. The photographs have been specially taken for it by our experts, and those that appear along with Mr. J. J. Hardy's article on casting will show that it is no idle boast when we say such angling pictures have never before been published. Again, our country house is an Italian one, and is a specimen of a splendid series of photographs taken by Mr. Latham to illustrate a new volume on Italian houses and gardens. It will speak for itself; and many of the others to follow are equally beautiful and interesting.

Some of the people who love their dogs most dearly are afraid that the new legislation with regard to motors, that comes into force at the beginning of next year, will mean increased danger to these four-footed friends in a walk on the roads. Perhaps there is very little reason for this apprehension. Perhaps it is wholly a mistake to think that heightening the maximum legal speed will make any difference in the pace at which cars are driven, and perhaps the increased penalties and powers of identification may make, on the contrary, for less

speed and greater caution. But, in any case, it is quite certain that the owners of dogs may themselves do much for their friends' safety. If they will make a habit of walking on the left side of the road (few roads, comparatively, have a footway on one side only, and when they have, it is often muddier than the road itself), they may very soon teach their dogs to walk on the same side, too, by calling them back every time, and chiding them, when they wander to the other. It may be said that dogs that are quick on their legs are here, there, and everywhere, so that it is impossible to keep them to one side or the other, but these are not the dogs that are in greatest danger from motors. The slow-moving, short-legged dogs, such as the favourite Aberdeens, are those that cannot get out of the way of the racing motor and get run down; and these may quickly be taught to keep to one side of the road by a little attention. No doubt all this is a nuisance, perhaps a hardship; but the motor-car itself is the real nuisance and hardship to those who walk out with their dogs. We must recognise that it has come to stay, and must be endured; and any trouble is better than the loss of a well-beloved dog.

CASTING THE SALMON-FLY.

ON Tuesday the rod salmon-fishing for the year finally closed, and the time is therefore opportune for recalling the chief events of the season. During the past month rod-fishing has been very successful indeed, owing chiefly to the immense and frequent floods that enabled so many fish to run up the water. Some remarkable salmon have been caught during the season. On the Stobball Reach of the Tay one was caught that scaled 47½lb. On the Upper Redgorton water of the same river twenty-two fish were taken in one day by the occupants of a couple of boats; their total weight was 360lb., or an average of about 17lb. for each fish. On the Tweed the sport was very fine indeed, the best day being that of Colonel Boswall-Preston on the Carham water, on which occasion he accounted for seventeen salmon. The day before he had caught fourteen, and among them was one of 35lb. The heaviest fish caught on the Tweed this year weighed 40lb. On the Floors Castle upper water two rods in one week caught seventy-five salmon and grilse, which weighed 1,406lb., giving an average of just under 19lb. All this gives an added zest to the extract from a chapter on salmon-casts

which follows. It is from the pen of Mr. Hardy of Alnwick, and will appear shortly in the fishing volume of our "COUNTRY LIFE Library," of the contents of which it may be regarded as a typical specimen.

To be a master of the art of throwing the salmon-fly one must be able to do four different casts—(1) the overhead, (2) the



Rouch. THE GRASP OF THE ROD.

Copyright



Rouch.

LIFTING THE ROD.

Copyright

wind cast, (3) the loop cast, and (4) the switch. To perform any of these casts correctly, so as to get the best result from the force employed, style is all-important. A good style means easy and clean manipulation, with just that nice degree of force thrown into the cast from start to finish which will cause the fly to travel to the desired spot, and fall lightly on the water.

Beginners are too prone to commence carelessly in their own way to learn the art of casting, and often develop habits which it is difficult for them to unlearn; and it is for this reason that one cannot too strongly impress on the tyro the necessity of either watching some really good caster at work and attempting to imitate his movements, or to put himself into the hands of a good exponent of the art, and faithfully try to carry out the instructions he receives. There is little difficulty if he does this in the first instance, and has the requisite patience and perseverance.

When at work on the river a great variety of conditions



Rouch. CORRECT POSITION IN GAFFING. Copyright

arise, all of which must be differently treated. At one part of a pool the overhead cast may be suitable, while a few yards farther on high banks or trees may be encountered, necessitating a different cast, and here the loop, or Spey, must be used. Or, again, the pool may be at a bend of the river, so that, in fishing it down, the wind prevents the same cast being used throughout. In early spring-fishing it will often be found that, in consequence of the varying direction of the wind, two consecutive casts cannot be made alike. The gusts have to be watched and the casts made to suit the ever-changing conditions. One minute the wind may be in your face, in which case the loop cast is somewhat dangerous, and the wind cast must be used, and so on.

But to return to our lesson. The mistake the beginner generally falls into is putting too much force into the cast. He should remember that it is his province to start the line on its journey, and guide its direction, but that the rod must do as much of the work as possible. If this is carefully studied it eases the rod greatly, and the caster will be agreeably surprised when he sees how much farther and better his fly travels.

In describing the overhead cast and how to perform it, an indication of the position is very important. The left foot should point in a line with the direction in which the cast is to be made, while the right should be almost at right angles to it. The rod should be lightly held with the left hand at the

butt end, while the right should grasp the handle firmly, about 12in. above the reel; 20yds. of line should be drawn off the reel, with the gut cast fastened to the end of it, to which an old fly (of which the barb and part of the bend has been broken off) is attached. The line should then be extended at full length on the lawn with the rod point about 3ft. from the ground. The caster should now lift the line, so as to throw it behind him, and as high into the air as he can. The rod should not be held vertically, but with the point inclining about 10deg. to the right, and the effort should be directed to spread out, as it were, the line and fly well up in the air and behind. The rod, however, should not be thrown back more than about 10deg. from the perpendicular. Throwing the rod too far back is a temptation all learners suffer from. After making the



Rouch. POSITION I. IN THE LOOP CAST. Copyright

back cast, he should turn his head and watch the course of the line as it flies backwards, and so note the time of the return cast, which should be made just before the line is quite extended. It should be his aim, in the first place, to get off by heart how to lift and throw the line well up and behind, and he should practise this until he can do it in a satisfactory manner, which may be determined by watching the course of the fly. The presence of a friend is a great help, as he can watch the curl of the line and fly, and assist by saying 'when' just at the moment it is best to make the return cast. This will



W. A. Rouch. THE FINISH OF A WIND CAST.

Copyright

give the time, which the caster can afterwards calculate himself, bearing in mind that the longer the line the more time is required. The friend should only correct for a few times, and then leave the performer to time himself. If then he blunders, he can be corrected again, and so on, until he has thoroughly mastered this part of the work.

Having accomplished this, he should now make the return cast, and time this, as before mentioned, by watching the line, and just before it is fully extended complete the cast by bringing the rod down smartly again. Remember that in making the back cast the rod should not be thrown too far back, and that time and force are the important factors.

Having with a short line mastered this, he may extend the cast a yard at a time, until he reaches about 25yds., when he may farther extend it by shooting a yard or two of line. This shooting eases the rod, enables a longer cast to be made, and assures the fly falling lightly on the water. Two yards will be sufficient loose line to begin with. This should be held under the forefinger of the right hand, and when the down stroke has been made and the line is travelling should be released. Before making the next cast this slack line should be gathered and held as before. In making the forward stroke it is important that the line should be properly extended behind, as the pull back on the rod from the weight of the extended line does a part of the work, so that all the angler requires to do is to smartly drive it forward at the proper time, aiming at a point, say, 2yds. above where he desires his fly to alight, and releasing the slack just at the end of the cast, really when the fly is alighting. Of course, much depends on the wind, which, if against the caster, will require more force put into the forward stroke.

The 'wind' cast is very similar to the overhead, and is mainly used when the wind is blowing strongly across stream, striking the angler's right shoulder, when fishing from the left bank, so that should he lift his fly in the usual overhead method it would most likely be blown against himself or the bank at his feet. The rod, instead of being thrown back over the right shoulder, is brought squarely across the front of the body, care being taken to throw the line well up so that the wind helps the back cast. When shooting line at the finish of any of the casts, should the line not shoot clean, draw it taut before commencing to fish out the cast, so as to have a tight line to the fly.

If the wind be against you it is necessary to 'force' the casts, *i.e.*, the finish of the cast must be vigorously done, and the rod point allowed to come well down to the water with freedom. It should not be choked by too firm a grip of the casting hand, but held loosely so that the rod may give full effect to the force employed.

In casting from the right bank of a river the left hand should



W. A. Rouch.

DESCRIBING THE LOOP CAST.

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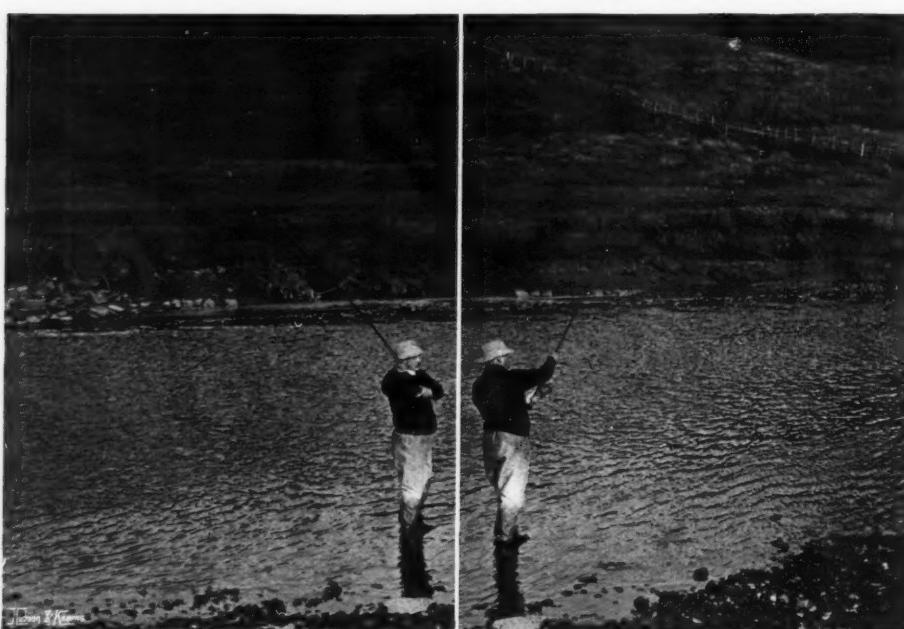
it should be used to cast, and from the left bank the right hand. In preparing for a fresh cast, draw the fly by a movement of the rod quite to the top of the water before lifting it. Should the fly work into an eddy and sink, shake the rod top sideways, and shorten the line a little by drawing in with the hand before lifting. This is a very important matter, as to attempt to lift a drowned line, if it does not break the rod, certainly prevents a clean or decent cast being made.

The 'loop' cast may be described as a sort of modified switch, and can only be effectually performed when there is a fair stream to pull the fly. Assuming that the line has been cast and the fly is hanging in the stream some 25yds. below, draw in about a couple of yards, and hold it under the forefinger of the right hand, as described in the overhead cast. The loop cast, unlike the overhead with its two distinct movements, is one continuous effort, both rod and line describing a loop and increasing in pace towards the end. The fly should leave the water about 3yds. to the thrower's right, and about five up stream behind. In delivering his fly at the finish of this cast, the rod point may be forced out almost at right angles if necessary, according to where the fly is desired to fall, but it is best at about an angle of 45deg. to the stream.

Casting while wading is naturally more difficult than when standing on the bank on a level with or above the water. This, however, is inappreciable if only wading knee deep. When wading deep the difficulty of casting is greatly increased, as the height of the angler is decreased by the depth he is standing in the water. Consequently, in order to get the same length of cast as from the bank, he must throw his fly much higher in the back cast, if using the 'overhead,' which he can generally do in this position. If, however, he is using the 'loop' cast, it is more difficult to get out a long line.

Casting from a boat is naturally easy, but if using the 'loop' cast with a wind from the rod side, have a care for the poor gillie, who may not be hook proof.

If fishing single-handed, however, gaffing is a matter requiring some caution in the handling of the rod. When bringing the fish close in, hold the rod away from the body to make the bend in the top as little acute as possible, and do not forget in the excitement of the moment that this is a position in which a rod is more likely to be broken than any other. If possible, the fish should be stranded, and then gaffed through the belly or near the tail for preference, as a deep gaff mark in the shoulder is an ugly sight on the table. Where the side of the stream is shallow, however, it is better not to use the gaff, as by keeping a firm strain on the struggles of the fish will generally permit you to work him into shoal water, when he can be tailed."



W. A. Rouch. DIFFERENT POSITIONS IN MAKING A CAST.

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OLD SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE republication in a magnificent form of Joseph Strutt's book, "The Sports and Pastimes of the People of England" (Methuen), affords an excellent opportunity of reviewing the changes that have come over the amusements of the people of Great Britain. But first it will be well to get a clear idea of the times in which Strutt lived and wrote. He was born at Chelmsford in 1749, and became a student of the Royal Academy in 1770. Three years later he produced his first work, "The Regal and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of England," and it was not until 1801 that he issued this, the most popular of his works. Scarcely anything but has changed during the intervening century. Without following him back into the region of antiquity, we shall find much that is curious and entertaining in what to him was contemporary; but before doing so we would like to draw attention to one point in his first chapter—that which is devoted to hunting. This is the paragraph relating to terms of venery, a matter in which sportsmen of the older school were martinetts. We moderns are not so particular, and apply the terms with a negligence that would have seemed to our forefathers who loved the science that Tristram perfected in "Joyous Gard" most reprehensible. Take, for instance, this passage:

"When beasts went together in companies, there was said to be a pride of lions; a lepe of leopards; an herd of harts, of bucks, and of all sorts of deer; a bevy of roes; a sloth of boars; a singular of boars; a sownder of wild swine; a dryft of tame swine; a route of wolves; a harras of horses; a rag of colts; a stud of mares; a pace of asses; a baren of mules; a team of oxen; a drove of kine; a flock of sheep; a tribe of goats; a sculk of foxes; a cete of badgers; a richness of martins; a fesynes of ferrets; a huske or a down of hares; a nest of rabbits; a clowder of cats, and a kyndyll of young cats; a shrewdness of apes; and a labour of moles."

He goes on to show that even for the retirement of animals to rest there was the proper term; "a hart was said to be harbored, a buck lodged, a roe buck bedded, a hare formed, a rabbit set," and so on. We shall find many other words

correctly defined that are used most inaccurately in the daily journalism of to-day. Thus the word "leash" is often misapplied. It meant three greyhounds, while two were "a brace." On the other hand, two spaniels or harriers were called "a couple." A number of hounds went under the beautiful term of "a mute of hounds," while it was correct to speak of "a kenel of raches, a litter of whelps, and a cowardice of curs." In connection with this it is certainly worth noting that similar terms were applied to human beings. It was correct to speak of:

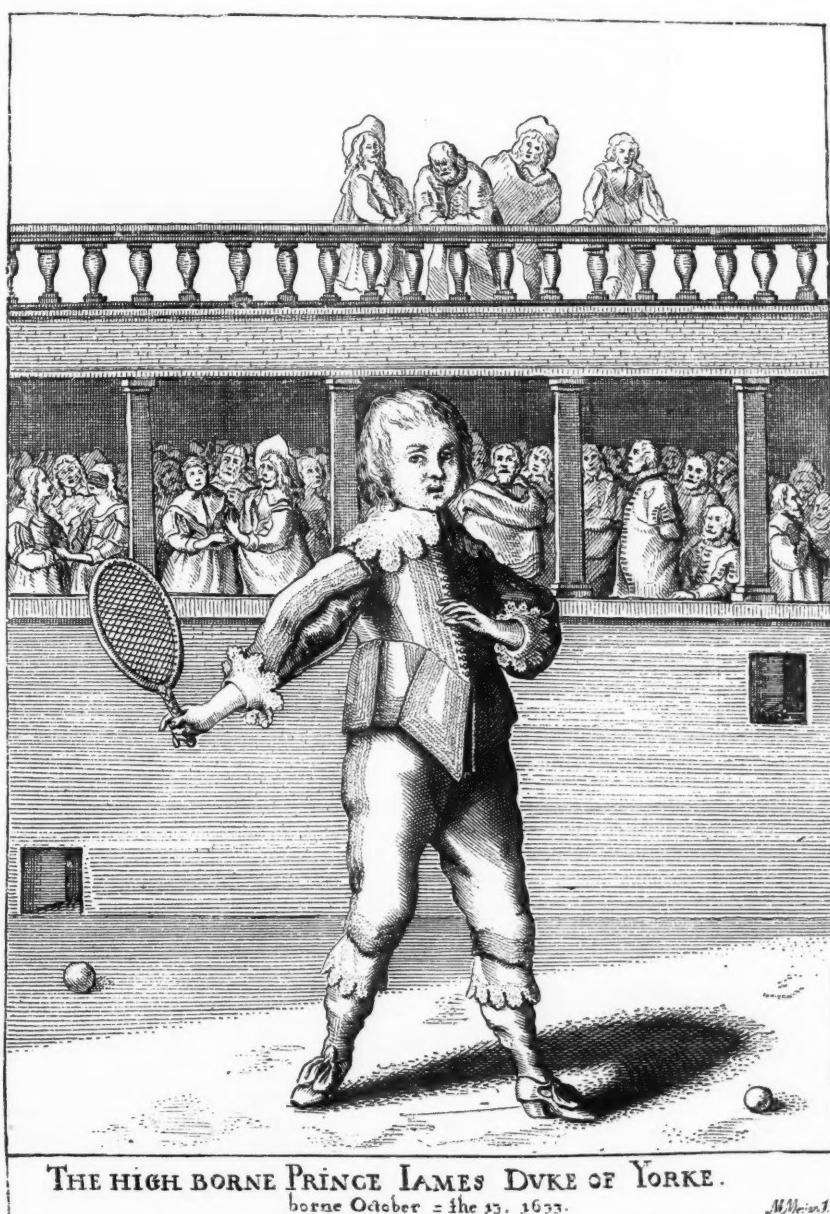
"A state of princes; a skulk of friars; a skulk of thieves; an observance of hermits; a lying of pardons; a subtiltie of sergeants; an untruth of sompniers; a multiplying of husbands; an incredibility of cuckolds; a safeguard of porters; a stalk of foresters; a blast of hunters; a draught of butlers; a temperance of cooks; a melody of harpers; a poverty of pipers; a drunkenship of coblers; a disguising of taylors; a wandering of tinkers; a

malepertness of pedlars; a fighting of beggars; a rayful (that is, a netful) of knaves; a blush of boys; a bevy of ladies; a nonpatience of wives; a gagle of women; a gagle of geese; a superfluity of nuns; and a herd of harlots. Similar terms were applied to inanimate things, a caste of bread, a cluster of grapes, a cluster of nuts."

Hawking in the time of Strutt had fallen into disfavour. He tells us that it was in the zenith of its glory in the beginning of the seventeenth century, but very little practised at the end of the same century, and hardly known in his time. Thus he is unable to give any contemporary account of this ancient and beautiful amusement. Horse-racing was a great exercise when the eighteenth century opened. In regard to games of strength, Strutt supplies us with quite a number of interesting reminiscences. For instance, about modern modes of slinging he says:

"I remember in my youth to have seen several persons expert in slingling of stones, which they performed with thongs of leather, or, wanting those, with garters; and sometimes they used a stick of ash or hazel, a yard or better in length, and about an inch in diameter; it was split at the top so as to make an opening wide enough to receive the stone, which was confined by the re-action of the stick on both sides, but not strong enough to resist the impulse of the slinger. It required much practice to handle this instrument with any degree of certainty, for if the stone in the act of throwing quitted the sling either sooner or later than it ought to do, the desired effect was sure to fail. Those who could use it properly, cast stones to a considerable distance and with much precision. In the present day (1800) the use of all these engines seems to be totally discontinued."

At the moment in which we write, 1903, slinging has certainly fallen out of favour with adults, though Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey has shown some clever experiments in the way of reviving it; but it is still a common amusement with boys. Strutt is enthusiastic in praise of quoits, an excellent game, which does not at present enjoy the favour it deserves. Of wrestling he says in his time it was "chiefly confined to the lower classes of the people." Our illustration shows an amusing form of that art. The picture is from an



THE HIGH BORNE PRINCE JAMES DUKE OF YORK.
born October 25th 1653.

original manuscript in the Royal Library, probably more ancient than the time of Chaucer. In 1800, when Vauxhall Gardens were in their vogue, the proprietor and Astley, the rider, gave each of them in the course of the summer a new wherry to be rowed for by a certain number of watermen; and sailing was a very popular amusement.

His history of games of ball is brief, but interesting. Football had declined in the early days of the eighteenth century, though it seems to have been played very much as it is now. "The ball," says Strutt, "which is commonly made of a blown bladder and cased with leather, is delivered in the midst of the ground, and the object of each party is to drive it through the goal of their antagonists, which being achieved the game is won." Golf in his day was "performed with a bat, not much unlike the bandy; the handle of this instrument is straight, and

usually made of ash, about four feet and a-half in length; the curvature is affixed to the bottom, faced with horn and backed with lead; the ball is a little one, but exceedingly hard, being made with leather, and, as before observed, stuffed with feathers."

But Strutt is not consulted for anything more than for the more barbarous pastimes. Cocking was then at its zenith. Not only were there pits in London, but wherever there was a village and a public-house you might be sure to find a cock-pit and a rat-pit, where the rural swain foregathered on Saturday nights to see his birds and his dogs perform. Throwing at cocks was also at that time a favourite amusement at fairs. The cock was fixed by his legs to a peg, and would-be performers paid so much a shy, just as they do now at a cocoanut, only the cock was more difficult to hit, because he dodged the missile, as one has seen done by the negro at Barnet Fair who stands up to be punched by all and sundry at 2d. a time. The word "cock-shy" is a survival of this elegant amusement. Another version of it was:

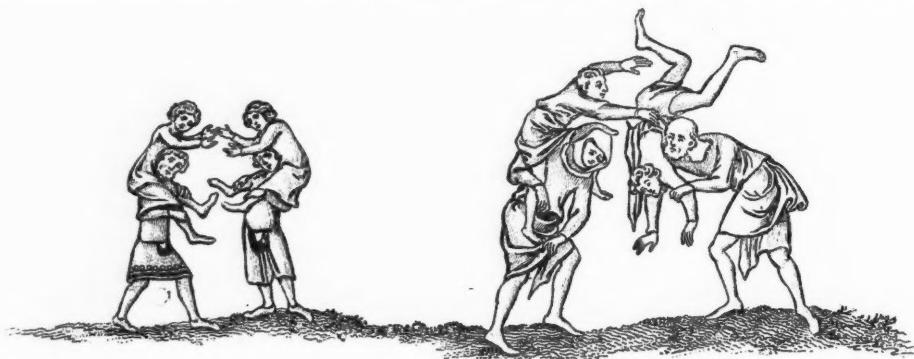
"to put the cock into an earthen vessel made for the purpose, and to place him in such a position that his head and tail might be exposed to view; the vessel, with the bird in it, was then suspended across the street, about twelve or fourteen feet from the ground, to be thrown at by such as chose to make a trial of their skill; twopence was paid for four throws, and he who broke the pot, and delivered the cock from his confinement, had him for a reward."

Duck-hunting was another form of outdoor fun. It was pursued in a large pond of water. The duck was chased by dogs and escaped by diving when they came too close. Strutt remarks that "Duck-hunting was much practised in the neighbourhood of London about thirty or forty years ago." It seems in his time to have gone out of fashion, however, owing to the scarcity of ponds. A refinement upon the usual method was to tie an owl on the duck's back, and so put her into the water, "where she frequently dives in order to escape from the burden, and on her return for air, the miserable owl, half-drowned, shakes itself, and, hooting, frightens the duck."

Squirrel-hunting seems to have been a rustic pastime on the Christmas Days of his generation, and we very much regret that in remote rural districts it still survives. The editor of this book refers to its being a custom in parts of the New Forest, particularly at Brockenhurst, and adds that the hunted squirrels are made into pies, which are said to be more delicate in flavour than rabbits. This is perfectly true, and from experience the present writer feels sure that not one in a hundred could tell the difference between four pies made respectively from rabbits, squirrels, young gulls, and young rats.

An interesting chapter at Christmas-time is that which deals with mumming at various seasons of the year. This has an historical interest of its own, as Christmas itself was adapted from a pagan festival, and the amusements connected with it were in a large measure derived from the Saturnalia of Rome, in which a feature was that women went in men's attire and

testimony to the flagrant delinquencies of the Abbot of Unreason, or Lord of Misrule and his companions in the merry Christmases of long ago. Philip Stubbs, who lived at the close of the sixteenth century, described them in his choicest language, which abounds in such phrases as "devils incarnate," "terrestrial furies," hell-hounds, and so forth. In the reign of Charles I. a description of them says: "Cards and Dice purge many a purse, and the Youth show their agility in Shoeing of the Wild Mare."



WRESTLING.

We have touched upon a very few aspects of this ever-enthralling book, and perhaps at some future time we may recur to it for the purpose of making a detailed study of the history of some of the particular pastimes mentioned.

COCK ROBIN'S COUNTERFEITS.

LIKE many another well-known character, "Jolly Roblyn" has had his impersonators; guiltless, however, of conscious fraud, for the false position that they occupy is not of their own seeking, but is the outcome of the fact that wherever it has established itself, the Anglo-Saxon race has tried to find in some exotic bird a representative of the little friend at home. Some of these, indeed, seem poor enough substitutes at best, for even the well-known red breast, which gives the home bird his true title, as distinguished from his better known nickname, is not always to be found in his foreign *locum tenens*.

Perhaps the best-known of all these outlandish robins is one of those least appropriately so-led, namely, the handsome thrush which bears the name of robin in the United States. This fine bird is very like our fieldfare, but has a plain orange breast instead of the speckled tawny one of our winter visitant from the North. He is a typical thrush in all his ways, as voracious a consumer of fruit as the English blackbird, and, being migratory, does not figure as an enlivener of winter as he ought to do. As a matter of fact, however, the real European robin is a much greater traveller than is usually supposed, for many of his species leave for the South in the autumn, to be replaced by immigrants from further North.

The Yankee favourite is a fine songster, though his melody is, naturally, of quite a different type from our bird's, and more closely resembles that of the blackbird. He is like both that bird and the true robin in haunting the vicinity of human habitations, where he is often much annoyed by that

very undesirable introduction, the house-sparrow, which is even impudent enough to filch from him the worms he has obtained.

Everyone who loves birds and poetry must know Longfellow's lines in "The Birds of Killingworth,"

"The robin and the bluebird, piping loud, Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee,"

and the bluebird therein mentioned is another member of the thrush tribe but one far more nearly related to the genuine robin than the large

species I have been discussing. That both the European robin and the American bluebird are really only small thrushes is proved by the fact that in their first or nestling plumage they are spotted like the young of the larger and more typical thrushes, as well as by many of their habits. The bluebird, however, has longer wings and shorter legs than our robin or thrush, and in accordance with this difference of structure is more addicted to feeding on flying insects. In other respects, however, he is marvellously like the former, having the same large dark eye and intelligent expression; he is also equally tame and ready to build about houses, although now too often ousted by the sparrow from the boxes put up for his accommodation. For, although he is an early



A GOOD SHOT.

men in that of women. We have in the mumming of the present day a character called in the North "Bessy," who comes in with a cheery,

"Redd sticks, redd stools,
Here come in a pack of fools.
A pack of fools behind the door.
Step in St. George to clear the way."

Bessy, though she, or rather he, does not know it, is clearly a derivative from the Roman Saturnalia. Early writers bore

migrant to the Northern States, arriving before the snow is off the ground, it is frequently his lot to find his domicile already in the possession of the ugly, worthless finch, which has stayed all the winter, and, secure in the proverbial "nine points" of the law, is ready to meet all comers.

In spite of his form, size, and familiarity, and of the redness of his breast, the beautiful azure of his upper plumage appears to have struck the early immigrants to the States more than any other point about the bluebird, and thus allowed his larger and less attractive rival to gain the old familiar name. But the English dealers, who not infrequently import the bluebird, always know it as the blue robin; and it is gratifying to know that it will breed in captivity; indeed, I have seen a young bird of this species which had been reared in the London Zoo. This readiness to accommodate itself to circumstances gives reason to hope that the bluebird could be successfully introduced to other countries, such as New Zealand, where native insectivorous birds are few and pretty, harmless exotics a desideratum.

It is true that in New Zealand there are two species of robin already; though, as neither has a red breast, or, indeed, any bright colour about its plumage, it must be only their familiar habits and obvious relationship to the English bird that have given them the name. But these birds are hardly likely to take the home robin's place; indeed, the North Island species is now almost extinct, sharing the sad lot that has fallen on so many of the inhabitants of that beautiful land; and the Maories see in its fate the prognostication of their own, saying that even as the "Pitoitoi" has disappeared from the woods, so will their race die out before the white man.

Australia has robins too, very nearly related to the genuine article, and much more beautiful in plumage; that is to say, as far as the male birds go, for the hen's plumage is always plain, unlike that of our robin's mate, who is practically indistinguishable from her husband. The most familiar of these Southern robins is gorgeous in a black coat and scarlet vest, while in another these hues are replaced by grey and pink, and a third sports a waistcoat of canary yellow. Besides these there is a pied species and a plain brown one, so that with such an *embarras de richesse* in the matter of robins at the Antipodes, it is no wonder that we do not hear of any one holding the special place in the hearts of our colonists that the original bird does with us; the specially attractive bird personality in Australia seeming to be the comical, if rather vulgar, laughing jackass, that great land kingfisher which is such a mighty hunter of snakes.

India robins are again to the fore. Most conspicuous is the pretty magpie-robin, or dhyal, as it is called by the natives, whose English name sufficiently expresses its appearance, although the hen is not so magpie-like as the cock, the black parts of his plumage being iron grey in hers. The dhyal is in size and habits intermediate between the English robin and blackbird, but is guiltless of raids on the fruit garden, and, being a very pretty songster, is altogether a most desirable bird. He is sometimes imported at home as a cage-bird, and so may now and then be seen at a great bird show; indeed, one lucky amateur has even bred dhyls in an aviary in England. But he is not often to be obtained, being seldom kept in captivity in his own

country like the true robin in England, although I am not aware that any prejudice exists against his incarceration there. The other true robins in India are not so widely distributed or conspicuous, and so call for no special remark; but the Himalayas hold a bird which bears the name of robin, and is better known to bird-keepers at home than any other of those I have mentioned, though not, properly speaking, a near relative of the real robin at all. This is the very sweet little bird known as the Pekin robin—though, albeit his range extends to China, it does not reach Pekin—or, more scientifically, as the red-billed or yellow-bellied loothrix. I do not know of any small bird more attractive than this pretty creature, with his coral-red bill, yellow throat, shading into orange on the breast, black moustaches, and steel-glossed forked tail. Nor are these his only points of beauty, for his quill feathers are most beautifully bordered with orange, producing an effect quite unique among birds, and his whole plumage is most exquisitely sleek and smooth, while his large black eye appropriately sets off the whole, and in its mild expression does not belie his disposition. For loothrix really belongs to the good-natured and sociable group of babbler, and, in spite of his very robin-like appearance, has nothing of the robin's churlishness of disposition, but is ready to be hail-fellow-well-met with his own species or any other. This anyone may easily observe who cares to go to the comparatively small expense of buying one of these birds, which are now more frequently imported than any other "soft-billed" species, being often obtainable for less shillings than they formerly cost pounds. Placed in an aviary with other birds, the Pekin robin will take an interest in everybody and hurt nobody, will tickle the head of any bird willing to permit the kindly attention, and devour sop, seed, fruit, or insects with a catholicity of taste which does much to explain his abundance and wide range in the wild state. Insects, of course, stand first in his bill of fare, and he is very quick and adroit in securing them, using his foot, as tits do, to help in securing a prize too big to be successfully broken up by the bill alone. It is a curious fact that this simple trick seems never to be learnt by some birds; none of the thrushes or starlings knows it, while tits and babbler have it at their toes' ends, so to speak. The loothrix is not a free breeder in captivity, although so easily tamed; but the species has, nevertheless, been bred on several occasions. In a wild state it is a shy, skulking bird, much like our hedge-sparrow in general habits, and I have seldom heard from the male in his native haunts the pretty song which he will constantly repeat in confinement, especially if unmated. Taken altogether, this bird presents more attractive points than many far better known and more widely praised, and is an excellent example of beauty blushing unseen, for he is rather wasted on Himalayan brakes. I can only hope that when people have got over the horror of acclimatisation with which too successful experiments with sparrows and rabbits have filled them, this pretty bird will be invited to dwell in any country where his hardy constitution and omnivorous habits will allow him to live—not as a captive merely, but as a woodland bird. The Devonshire hills would suit him admirably, and he might fill in that most lovely of English counties the place of the missing nightingale, while in the United States and our Australasian colonies there must be many districts where he would thrive.

F. FINN.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

BEFORE us on the table are several works of the more promising minor poets of the present day. All are interesting, and some come very near to being poetry. We should be inclined to give the first place to Mr. Laurence Binyon, whose book is called "The Death of Adam, and Other Poems" (Methuen). It consists of one long piece and about twenty-five shorter pieces, that which gives its title to the book being the *pièce de résistance*. Mr. Binyon had the luck to hit upon an excellent theme, and he has treated it with tact and dignity. Adam is represented as having arrived at the last of his long term of days. He sends some of his sons out to seek for Cain, whom he has cursed before, and now wishes to bless before he dies. They return without having found him, and Adam, the sunset of life giving him mystical lore, raises a lament or prophecy over the future of the race he has begotten. Such is the rough outline of the plot. Perhaps it may be regarded as almost Philistine to apply to its workmanship a little cold common-sense, but, nevertheless, poetry which cannot stand that test is not, in our opinion, poetry that will have an abiding place in literature. Mr. Binyon is obliged to plunge into speculation about Adam, because, since the Flood, none of us has had any experience of a man who has celebrated his own centenary. Yet, judging from the very aged of the grand old gardener's descendants, we should say that a man who has lived this life for several centuries is not likely to die in an access of apprehension as to the future of the race. He is more likely to have been weary of himself and weary of life. The curse pronounced upon Cain came, if we remember rightly, not from Adam, but from his Maker, and the lines in which Eve recalls Cain as a suckling approach very near to the sentimental. Indeed, all the interview between Adam and Eve bears more resemblance to the conversation of two young lovers than of those who have got to the very end of life. A minor criticism is that the very fine simile of page 13 is faulty in several respects:

"But Adam shook his head and answered not.
For he was like a shepherd who hath lit
A fire to warm him on the mountain side
In the first chill after the summer heats,

And drowsing by the embers wakes anon
With wonder-frighted eyes, to see the sparks
Blowing astray run kindling over grass
And withered heath and bushes of dry furze,
And ere his heavy senses, pricked with smoke,
Uncloud, the white fire rushes from his reach,
Leaps to embrace the tall pines, tossing up
A surge of trembling stars, and eagerly
Roars through their topmost branches, wide afame,
While all around enormous shadows rock
And wrestle, as tumultuous light o'errides
The darkness as with charging spears and plumes,
Till the whole hillside reddens, and beyond
Far mountains waken flushed out of the night:
Then he who ignorantly had started up
This wild exulting glory from its sleep
Forgets to stir his steps or wring his hands;
The swiftness and the radiance and the sound
Beget a kind of rapture in his dread;
Like that amazed shepherd Adam saw
His race, sprung out of darkness, fill the earth
Increasing swift and terrible like fire
That feeds on all it ruins, wave on wave
Streaming impetuous without rest or pause
Right onward to the boundaries of the world:
And he how helpless who had caused it all."

In the first place it lacks brevity, and in the second place it wants more attention to fact. There is no climate we know of in which the grass is at all likely to take fire in autumn, "in the first chill after the warm summer heats." On the contrary, it would be lush and wet. And we do not know in what country the shepherd lights a fire to warm himself on the mountain side. Common-sense says that he might as well have stayed in the house. A better example of the use of metaphor is that on page 24:

"clear and strange
As to a fisher on dark Caspian waves,
Far from the land, appears the glimmering snow
Of Caucasus, already bathed in dawn,
Like a suspended opal huge in heaven,"

The other poems of Mr. Binyon are not very distinguished, but there is at least one not unworthy of the writer's early promise :

" Peace in smooth summer hour
Paces the seas awhile ;
But Peace has built her tower
Upon this chosen isle.
" Scarcely a ripple stirs
In this lone shore's recess
Scarcely a motion blurs
The mirrored cypresses.
" Ranked on a crumbling wall
O'er slopes of flowery grass ;
Where their long shadows fall,
Butterflies gleam and pass."

We have spoken at times very highly of the work of Mr. Bliss Carman, but his publication of "From the Green Book of the Bards" (Murray) makes it impossible to refrain from saying that he would do more justice to his undoubted talents if he would consider the old definition of genius—that it is an infinite capacity for taking pains. The subjects he has chosen in this book are excellent, and many of the lines are strong and suggestive, but every now and then the reader is brought up with a rhythm that is harsh or a rhyme that halts, defects that could easily have been removed during a thorough and careful revision. Let him think of Virgil :

" who would write ten lines, they say,
At dawn, and lavish all the golden day
To make them wealthier in his readers' eyes."

If Mr. Bliss Carman would take a leaf out of Virgil's book, there would be in his volume less of that easy writing which, according to the ancient cynic, "makes damned hard reading." Yet there are many passages for which we have nothing except admiration, and we quote the following little poem as an example :

" Soul, what art thou in the tribes of the earth ?
" Lord, said an artist born,
We leave the city behind
For the hills of open morn,
For fear of our kind.
" Our brother they nailed to a tree
For sedition ; they bully and curse
All those whom love makes free.
Yet the very winds disperse.
" Rapture of birds and brooks,
Colours of sea and cloud,—
Beauty not learned of books,
Truth that is never loud.
" We model our joy into clay,
Or help it with fine and hue,
Or hark for its breath in stray
Wild chords and new.
" For to-morrow can only fulfil
Dreams which to-day have birth :
We are the type of thy will
To the tribes of the earth."

Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson is one of the most promising of our young writers of verse, and in the "Golden Helm" (Elkin Mathews) his work shows no falling off from his earlier work. The poem from which the title is taken comes last in the volume. Mr. Gibson may do great things yet if he be strong enough to preserve his individuality from being crowded out and overshadowed by those he admires.

Mr. John Masefield has published a tiny book of ballads with Mr. Elkin Mathews. The poems show how impossible it is to get the breath of life into old ballad forms. Mr. Masefield appears to be a clever and cultivated writer, but it is very evident that he bows down before the image of Rudyard Kipling. For instance, take the first stanza of his "Port of Holy Peter" :

" The blue laguna rocks and quivers,
Dull gurgling eddies twist and spin,
The climate does for people's livers,
It's a nasty place to anchor in
Is Spanish port,
Fever port,
Port of Holy Peter."

This can only be described as a bad imitation of an inferior model, and until Mr. Masefield learns to stand on his own feet he would be well advised to postpone publication.

FROM Edith Wharton one expects high aims, or rather, to put it more accurately, the perception of high aims, for many aim as high as they can see, and are not necessarily lofty. But Edith Wharton is of a smaller company, and in her new production, "Sanctuary" (Macmillan), it is made abundantly clear that she has in no wise lowered her standard of serious and lofty sincerity. There is much in this book that is strong and fine; it has a grave candour, a strenuous quietude, such as few novelists nowadays can attain. But it may be said at once, and frankly, that it misses its aim. Miss Wharton has not quite succeeded in achieving the high purpose of her conception. She has, as it were, seen further than she has reached.

The story is concerned throughout with the life and thought of one woman. Its strength is the strength of this woman's purpose, her emotions are its interest, and its motive is the power of an austere and passionate mother-love, such as she felt for her son. All the other characters of the story are shown only in relation to her, and it is in this last fact that there lies, perhaps, the explanation of the unexpected failure of the book to convince and interest. Kate Peyton, the heroine, is herself an unusual character. She is a representative of those women, a small and almost invariably silent company, who set their strength against the world's compromise, and the logic of their morality against its conclusions. But she is, as are most of us who think and feel at all, largely the result of the characters of other people, and neither she nor the situations in which she is made to act can be convincing unless those other characters, being such as to make her and her feeling inevitable, are realised with at least equal strength, independence, and consistency as she is herself. It is because they are not so realised that the analysis of Kate Peyton fails of its effect, and the book leaves nothing of the clear, keen conviction and enthusiasm such a trenchant tragic study should produce. It is a great pity. It is our loss as much as Miss Wharton's, for the conception is so fine, and the manner of telling aims at such subtlety and restraint. But at the very outset one is met by this sense of uncertainty as to the real weight and value of the other people with regard to the story—and, indeed, sometimes one is even uncertain about Kate herself.

The story is slight enough. Kate Orme, in the first flush of her happiness, discovers that her lover, Denis Peyton, has been guilty of a gross deception. He has concealed the fact, which he alone knew to be such, that his dead cousin had been married to a woman of the unfortunate class, and had had by her a son who was the rightful heir. Denis holds his peace, and takes the fortune to which he is the next heir, and is only horrified into telling his fiancée the truth by the tragic discovery of the woman and her child drowned in the lake near his home. Kate's love for Denis, on her perception of his true character, is stricken dead; but she marries him, in order that she may by sheer strength of will and noble purpose redeem the child that shall be born to this man, and to the inheritance of his nature. They have one son; when he is six, Denis dies, after losing most of the money he had lied to gain. The boy is left to his mother, and the second part of the book deals entirely with his hour of temptation and with the description of Kate watching the struggle between the man she has made and the man as his father begot him.

From the first to the last we leave scene after scene, and character after character, without conviction. No question in this story ought to be possible, and yet at every turn a question asks itself. For instance, Denis is made to hold himself excused, and is also apparently held as one the world too would excuse, because the woman he ousts is sunken, sordid, one who trades on such situations, utterly vile. But would such a woman have refused the money offered her, and drowned herself because she could not establish her child's position? Again, Darrow, who is shown as being noble, modest, disinterested, and upright, is made on his death-bed to desire, and apparently expect, that his friend, Kate Peyton's son, should use as his own the architectural plans which Darrow has made for the great competition in which they have been pitted against each other, Darrow's plans being much better than the said Dick Peyton's, who is, by the way, nevertheless represented as a genius. Miss Verney, too, is strangely unconvincing. She is also made to expect and urge, without a blush or a defence, entirely as a matter of course, that Dick should avail himself of his friend's proposal, and win the competition with a lie. Dick is in love with this hard-natured young woman, and she explains that if he does not succeed in his career he will not succeed with her; though why she should wish him to do so is not very clear. She is never said to be in love with him, and, by her own showing, the kind of man she wants is the kind that will "crash" through to the fulfilment of his ambitions, whereas Dick is represented as being discouraged by the first breath of failure. But it is the same all through. Everyone is oddly inconsistent and unexplained. Even Kate herself more than once, and especially in the scene where she makes up her mind to the most unusual step of marrying a man she despises, in order that his child may be hers, is not shown with that incontestable and overwhelming strength of characteristic which alone could make the reader feel, "Yes, it was natural, it was inevitable." Such a girl in such a situation could, nay, would act thus."

No. Miss Wharton had an idea, a great one—she perceived a theme, a noble one—and she has drawn her characters to fit her theme and emphasise the necessary situation; and they don't do it. If she had waited a year and then taken up the book again, she would have probably seen why it failed. She would have gone at the whole thing the other way on, so to speak; and her characters would have evolved the theme, as themes are evolved in real life—and not her theme the characters.

We give this short book serious notice because of Miss Wharton's claim to be taken seriously. She has done extremely

good work. "Sanctuary" itself is full of such—able writing, clever thought, a wise philosophy, a singular originality of expression. But she can do better. She must remember that the first condition of subtlety of expression is absolute clearness of meaning; and that self-restraint entirely fails of its effect unless there is felt, at every turn, the passion surging up below against its shaken barriers. She must remember that even her own intensity of conviction or depth of thought cannot convince or impress her readers unless their reason is first persuaded. As we said, we look for better work from Edith Wharton. She is too good for the reading world to allow her to forget how much it expects from her.

EARL ANNESLEY, the author of the interesting volume before us, "Beautiful and Rare Trees and Shrubs" (Newnes), brings a rich storehouse of information to the planter in favoured climates. It is not a book for those ignorant of great subjects. The species so beautifully illustrated are amongst the rarest in British gardens, and are only or those places where the climate is genial and there is protection from the searching winds of more northerly counties. Castlewellan, the home of Earl Annesley, and with which this book is entirely concerned, is one of the most beautiful gardens in the sister isle. It is a few miles from the sea on the West Coast of Ireland in County Down, and has long been famous for the extraordinary growth of trees and shrubs that fail utterly elsewhere, except in quite southern counties where things from warmer countries grow with almost native luxuriance.

The book had its origin in an excellent paper given by the author last year before the Royal Horticultural Society, when it was suggested that the notes of the trees and shrubs at Castlewellan should be brought together for publication. This has been wisely acted upon, and will, we hope, bring to many richly favoured but dreary gardens of the British Isles a fresh beauty and a new interest.

Those who "garden" in colder counties will envy the advantages of Castlewellan, but it is comforting to know that in beautiful Ireland such noble specimens of things we regard as almost tropical here may be seen in rude health and grown from seed sown from wild growths. The illustration of *Cupressus Lawsoniana* teaches a wholesome lesson. The specimen so finely depicted is 62 ft. high and 82 ft. round, and the tree has been freely planted at Castlewellan. But to those ignorant of conifers we give this word of warning: Never plant this capricious race unless the climate and soil are similar to those in their native country. In the Earl's garden this cypress is a complete success, a tree of dignity and distinction, and a pure delight to those who only know it as a scrubby and stunted shrub in the middle and north of England. Where conifers are a success plant them as one would the English oak in colder climates, but not without some hope of future success. The conifer-planting craze of thirty years ago is responsible for the monotony of many an English woodland, and this we point out for the sake of those who may take the information given in this work as applying to the British Isles

in general. The sturdy native tree is better than a hundred decrepit exotics.

As illustrating the mildness of the climate on the West Coast, reference may be made to the illustrations of *Pittosporum Mayii*, *P. Colensoi*, a lovely shrub from New Zealand, which, to quote the author's words, "is so perfectly hardy that it can be planted in the most exposed parts of the garden," the gorgeous Indian *Rhododendron arboreum*, 30 ft. high and 130 ft. in circumference, *Cupressum macrocarpa*, and *Podocarpus Andina*, from Valdivia.

The Monkey Puzzle (*Araucaria imbricata*), as children call the bristly tree in England, sweeps the ground with its branches, but if there is one tree we would not have, unless it behaved itself as at Castlewellan, it is this introduction from Chili, which has been dotted about in English parks and has crept even into the little forecourt gardens of suburban villas, an example of ignorant planting of a tree which is fit only for a cared-for pleasure ground in certain counties. Even at Castlewellan the tree demands for its health's sake a yearly dish of "as much as three cartloads of fresh cow manure at a time, well watered in with the hose."

We are glad the author has described and illustrated the glorious, but baneful, poison ivy (*Rhus Toxicodendron*). This is one of the most pictorial illustrations in the book; it is shown veiling part of an old wall, and when its evil character is understood it may be tolerated for the splendour of its leaves in autumn. It is sold in nurseries and labelled in gardens under various names, and may be easily mistaken for a Virginian creeper. The author has reason to remember this plant of dashing beauty, and his words will serve as a warning to those who have suffered from a mysterious ailment without knowing its origin: "It is so exceedingly dangerous and poisonous that I doubt whether it should be allowed in any garden, at least where ladies and children can have access to it. After touching the leaves, in a short time the victim becomes aware of an irritation in the eyelids, which rapidly increases until it is almost intolerable; they become so swollen that they are almost closed, the rest of the face becomes gradually involved, the eruption

and swelling always moving from the forehead downwards. . . . Last autumn we had the usual harvest service in the church here, and the ladies and children helped to decorate it. Unfortunately, they chose the poison ivy, from the beauty of its colouring, to adorn the pulpit: one after another they became ill, some more and some less. The German governess was confined to her bed for more than a week, and suffered horribly. One lady consulted a specialist for skin disease, and was sent to Harrogate for three weeks for blood poisoning. I was seriously alarmed about it, when one day three of the under-gardeners were laid up with it, though very slightly. That settled the matter; it was *Rhus Toxicodendron*, and not blood poisoning at all."

The work is sumptuously but tastefully produced, the seventy illustrations, from photographs taken at Castlewellan, being of the greatest teaching value, and pictorially delightful; the notes accompanying them are helpful, and tell us much that we did not know before.

The author is not aware that any work hitherto published



THE POISON IVY (*RHUS TOXICODENDRON*)
(From Earl Annesley's recent book.)

gives representations of the trees and shrubs themselves, but one general book, "Trees and Shrubs for English Gardens," published last year, has over 100 illustrations of some of the finest specimens in this country and a few in Ireland. It is also wise to adhere strictly, for the sake of uniformity, to the Kew nomenclature, and to avoid such confusion as *Retinispora* and *Retinospora* (page 7). We are grateful for this helpful work, the history of a few "beautiful and rare trees and shrubs," by one who takes an enthusiastic interest in the planting of a beautiful garden. It is published at the offices of COUNTRY LIFE, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, and by George Newnes, Limited, Southampton Street, Strand.

DECEMBER MAGAZINES.

THE *Fortnightly Review* is, as usual, very political. Mr. W. H. Mallock is trenchant upon the myth of the big and the little loaf. The deathless eloquence of Mr. Shaw-Lefevre is directed against Mr. Balfour and Retaliation. Judge O'Connor Morris is extremely political in his review of Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone," and Colonel Pollock holds forth on "A Board of War," while Mr. Sydney Brooks has for his subject "Tammany Again." There are, however, several extremely interesting articles of a general kind, one of which is that on Hector Berlioz, by A. E. Keeton. December 11th, 1903, will be the centenary of the subject of this able memoir. At one time, it may not be generally known, Berlioz, as he loved to relate, competed successfully with a weaver, blacksmith, and several other artisans and shopkeepers for place in the chorus of a very second-rate Parisian Vaudeville theatre, where he earned the lordly salary of two pounds a week. Mr. A. H. Garstang writes very agreeably upon the love-songs of a bygone day. Among the gems which he rescues from partial oblivion are some of Campion, of which we give one example :

" What harvest halfe so sweet is
As still to reap the kisses
Grown ripe in sowing?
And straight to be receiver
Of that which thou art giver,
Rich in bestowing?
Kisse then, my harvest Queen,
Full garners heaping;
Kisses, ripest when th're greene,
Want only reaping."

Mr. J. S. Mann on Mommsen, Mr. Arthur on Lord Wolseley's Life, Mr. J. C. Bailey on D'Annunzio's "Le Laudi," and Mr. Afalo on the Sportsman's Library are articles that go to make up a capital number.

In the *Monthly Review* the editor begins with an amusing skit called "A Second Voyage to Laputa." Like the needy knife-grinder, we "do not love to meddle with politics, sir!" but, nevertheless, we recommend our readers to go to the passage beginning :

" Then, rising to his full height, he held forth in each hand a bun newly baked. By these, he said, it was clearly shown how carefully his examples had been cooked, for five pennyweights of flour had gone to making the one and but four to the other, yet he would pledge his hat that the two were now of equal size, the secret being that the deficiency was made up by the adding of some tea-leaves kindly lent by the Secretary for War."

The other articles ignore the fiscal question, a blessing for which we are duly grateful—that is to say, they all ignore it with the exception of Mr. Pember Reeves, who writes an Imperialistic article which he calls "The Daughters of the House." For the rest, Emil Reich writes the epitaph of Theodor Mommsen, the Rev. Arthur Stapylton Barnes holds forth on Charles II. and re-union with Rome, and Mr. Innes Shand has one of his characteristic articles, called "A Ramble in Clubland."

Longmans' Magazine is, as usual, quite interesting, one of the chattiest articles being that by Miss Betham-Edwards on "Restaurant-keeping in Paris." From it we make this extract :

" In the midst of our tea-drink, a gentlemanly-looking individual, wearing a tall hat and frock-coat, entered, and, after a short colloquy with the young master, passed out again.

" You would never guess that gentleman's errand," Marcel said, smiling, as he re-seated himself at the tea-table.

" He looked to me like a rather distinguished customer," I replied; "some Government functionary on half-pay, or small rentier."

" Marcel smiled again.

" That well-dressed gentleman, then, supplies us with toothpicks, which his wife makes at home. He calls once a month, and our orders amount to about a franc a day. I daresay he and his wife between them make from thirty to forty francs a week, and contrive to keep up appearances upon that sum. It is an instance of what we call *la misère dorée*" (gilded poverty).

The other contents of the journal are almost equally light, though Mr. Andrew Lang in "The Sign of the Ship" is scarcely so amusing as he was last month.

In the *Cornhill* one of the most interesting articles is that which Mr. Menpes has written on his master, James McNeill Whistler, and the best passage in it is that which describes Whistler in a barber's shop. After the operation was over "he would look beamingly at himself in the glass and say two words—'Menpes, amazing!'"—and sail triumphantly out of the shop. Once he got into a four-wheeler, put his head out; the hat just touched the window and disarranged his hair. Whistler stopped the cab, got out, re-entered hairdresser's, and the whole thing, *da capo*." Other articles in the same number are "Colonial Memories," by Lady Broome; "Samuel Rawson Gardiner," by the Rev. W. H. Hutton; and "The Grouse and the Gun-room," by Alexander Innes Shand.

The *National Review* is a solid good number, with a great deal of

fiscality in it, and a special supplement on "The Economics of Empire," by the assistant editor. Sir Leslie Stephen has come to "editing" in his reminiscences.

FROM THE FARMS.

SHEEP IN DECEMBER.

THE first week in December affords a favourable opportunity for casting a retrospective eye over the year that is now rapidly approaching a conclusion. It has been of a character to ensure a hearty welcome for 1904. According to an old proverb, when things are at their worst any change must be for the better, and it is inconceivable that the coming year should be so bad for agriculture as the present one. In many a farm homestead this thought must be passing through the minds of the occupants. December, even in an ordinary year, is a month of enforced leisure. The days are short and the nights long. Most of the preparatory autumnal work should have been already got over, and it is much too early to begin spring operations. This year ploughing and sowing are hopelessly in arrear. Low-lying land especially has been practically submerged for months, and although desperate efforts have been made to work some of the land, the quantity so treated has been very small, and the results cannot possibly be satisfactory. Next season the wheat area must be very much curtailed, because the land set aside for this cereal has not been cultivable. Nor can it be said that stock is in a better position, though, curiously enough, sheep have not done as badly as was at one time expected. In a number of flocks there are complaints of lameness and other ills incidental to excessive moisture, but, on the other hand, a flock-master who was speaking to us the other day considered that he never had had a better year. His farm, it ought to be explained, is composed of light land situated in a hilly district; but such a farm as that is, to all intents and purposes, immune from the consequences of floods. The water runs off almost as quickly as it falls. On low-lying farms no such good condition prevails, and the approach of the lambing season is awaited with apprehension. It would not be natural to expect ewes to have done well in the autumn through which they have now passed, and one consequence must be a short supply of lambs, which cannot be of high quality. Cattle have not done well either. The pasture, which lasted longer than usual, had no feed in it, and both dairy and beef cattle have gone down in condition. Under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that the death of the old year is awaited with feelings akin to satisfaction, and a silent but fervent hope that its passing will see the end of a season of calamity.

OUR FOOD SUPPLY.

Although the Royal Commission is enquiring into the national supply of food, its proceedings have not so far attracted much notice, yet the subject itself holds a very prominent place in the minds of the public at the present moment, owing to the controversy which has waged round it. When the facts are known, they will probably be used by acute controversialists on either side, but those who take no part in the clamours and discussions of the hour ought still to endeavour to make themselves master of the truth. History contains no record of any country that is placed exactly as Great Britain is at the present moment. Those who wish to understand the situation ought to begin by obtaining the suggestive paper read by Major Craigie at the Royal Statistical Society and another delivered by Mr. A. Mansell at the United Service Institution. He will find that not only do we depend for by far the greater portion of our food on imported supplies, but what is still more serious, the production of food in Great Britain does not keep pace with the population. In other words, home-grown food is continually on the decrease. The Royal Agricultural Society, after being consulted on the point, gave the deliverance that we were not growing as much grain and raising as much livestock as possible. That, of course, is a general and vague statement. It simply means that at present prices it is not remunerative for the farmer to go in for expensive and thorough cultivation, or to give his time and attention to the poorer classes of land. Undoubtedly, many thousands of acres that are at present half-neglected and allowed to produce a very inferior pasture, might, at a little expense, be turned into ground from which more food could be produced. What stops it is simply the matter of expense. Long ago, when wheat went up to famine prices, the farmer drained the marsh and ploughed the wold, and brought what had before been waste land into cultivation. The reason he did so, to put the matter in a nutshell, was that the prices paid for it. At present prices to attempt anything of the kind would be to court immediate and complete ruin; so that either, on the old *laissez faire* principle, the land must be left to itself, or means taken to increase the value of the crops. This is the problem that has to be solved, and it is for the country to say whether it will have cheap food or give a little more to agriculture.

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H. P. ROBINSON.

THE WIND ON THE FIELDS,
THE BREATH OF GOD OVER THE FACE OF THE GROUND,

WHISPERS A WORD
THE TRIBES OF HIS LEAFY DOMINION REJOICE HAVING HEARD.

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LONDON HACKNEY SHOW.

The Hackney Horse Society has just issued the preliminary prize list for the twentieth annual show, to be held in the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on March 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th next. The prizes amount to £1,490, being the largest sum yet offered at a Hackney show. Additional prizes have been offered in many of the classes, and among the alterations it will be noticed that, in accordance with a wish expressed by many breeders, the classes for yearling colts and fillies have been reinstated. As the class for four year old stallions at the last show was rather unwieldy, having forty entries, the stallions of this age have been separated to form two classes, with a height limit of 15h. 2in. The attractive harness classes are again included,

and cover horses of every age and height, and it is worthy of note that animals may be exhibited in more than one class. The pony section has been increased by forming separate classes for two and three year old stallions and two and three year old mares. Entries close on January 18th, and the judges who have agreed to officiate in the Hackney section are Mr. R. G. Heaton, Mr. A. W. Hickling, and Mr. John Wreggitt, while Mr. Forrester Addie and Mr. Tom Mitchell will adjudicate in the pony classes. Professor Penberthy will have the assistance of five of the most experienced veterinary surgeons in conducting the examination for soundness. Full particulars of the show can be obtained at the society's offices at 12, Hanover Square, London, W.

SEA-BIRDS AND FISH.

AT the present moment, when the Fisheries Department that used to encumber the Board of Trade has been made part of the Board of Agriculture, the discussion about the effect of sea-birds on the fish supply of this country is attracting renewed attention. The position is capable of being quite easily stated. Those who regard themselves as being absolutely free from sentiment are taking up the same position in regard to our sea-birds that a certain class of agriculturist has taken towards sparrows, wood-pigeons, and rooks. These latter birds have come to be regarded as no better than vermin of the same class as rats and mice, and clubs have been multiplying for the purpose of waging ceaseless war upon them. Those interested in our fisheries are equally hostile to at least one bird of our coast—the cormorant. It has multiplied very much during the years since the passing of the first Wild Birds' Protection Act, and if there was not evidence beyond that supplied by our photographs, it would be undeniable that their numbers are



B. Wyles.

GULLS IN RAPID FLIGHT.

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sufficient to injure whatever they attack. And we are afraid very little can be said in extenuation of their voracity; "as



H. P. Robinson.

IN KILBRENNAN SOUND.

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greedy as a cormorant" has become a proverbial saying, and the quantity of fish that these creatures are capable of devouring is almost incredible. Moreover, the cormorant can scarcely be called a beautiful bird; at least, that is the admission made by one who loves to see the scarth either floating on our estuaries or drying his plumage on a rock in the sun. But then the pleasure he gives is not that which arises from pure beauty, as when one sees the tern or sea-swallow skimming the waves. It is the same sort of pleasure that one gets from the grotesque and diabolical. For if there is any bird that looks like the embodiment of some evil or obscene spirit, such as our fore-fathers turned into gorbals and placed on churches to show that when the Holy water was spilt spirits of evil fled away, it is the cormorant. The case for this bird, therefore, is a doubtful one, and is not strengthened by that feeling of loveliness that is attached to so many other birds of the ocean. Nevertheless, we cannot agree to its persecution, far less extinction, though it undoubtedly exacts a tribute from the sea. A finer policy than that of destroying sea-birds is to replenish the waters.

The question of stocking the sea has long been a moot one. It seems to be almost an incongruity that one should think of sowing the unharvested—to use a Homeric epithet—but, on the other hand, the ravages of the steam trawler are so great that some artificial method must be adopted of renewing the supply if they are to be permitted to go on. And this is by no means so simple a question as it looks. We have given practical illustration of the principle in English law that anything which is too destructive must be prohibited. In our rivers, for instance, the use of salmon-roe is forbidden as a bait; so is the use of those ancient implements of sport, the cleek and the leister. If they were allowed, the salmon in our rivers would soon be extinct, and the only reason for prohibiting them is their over-destructiveness. Now to prohibit steam trawling would be no more than to carry out on a larger scale the principle which we apply to these illegitimate forms of sport. However, at the present moment our object is not to discuss the question of trawling *versus* line-fishing, but that of the sea-birds, and we have only alluded to the trawling in order to show that a most destructive means of killing fish is in daily operation, slaying alike the young and the old, the useful and the useless, the small and the great. To remedy that, some means of breeding sea-fish and restocking ought to be adopted. Of course, it cannot be extended to every species. Take, for instance, a migratory fish like the herring, which seems to drift towards the Polar seas to spawn, and then comes in shoals to the south again, paying toll to the fisheries as it passes all the way from Shetland to Lowestoft. Luckily, it and the mackerel have appeared in such numbers of recent years that no anxiety is felt on their account. But the non-migratory fish probably suffer most of all from the oppression of steam trawling, and we see no reason whatever why they should not be replaced. On the contrary, experiments conducted both in American waters and in waters controlled by continental countries have proved eminently successful. Instead, therefore, of waging ceaseless war upon our sea-birds, let us sow the seed as we have reaped the harvest of the sea. As for the birds, we cannot for a moment admit that their depredations are sufficient to justify slaughter. Some, in fact, are so reduced in numbers that they could not withstand any further persecution, and we have to remember also that the shore-shooter is always with us. From August until the next breeding season he rushes to spend his week-ends at some seaside haunt—the quieter the better. There he goes along the shore, intent, presumably, on shooting duck, geese, or other edible birds; but those which are not edible are equally the victims of his love of what he calls sport—that is to say, whatever comes within range he will have a shot at, and if he could shoot cormorants with impunity, he would go out declaring that the collection of these birds was his object; yet who for one moment would believe him likely to confine his attentions to a single species? There are far too many temptations for him to do otherwise. The poulters in Leadenhall Market are always ready to receive specimens. During the winter one has but to go round to notice that their country customers send them any amount of birds not required for the table, but obviously and plainly intended to capture the bird-stuffer. The man who goes shore-shooting, as a rule, even if comparatively well-to-do, likes to make at least his expenses



Wyles

CORMORANTS ON THE MEGSTONE ROCKS.

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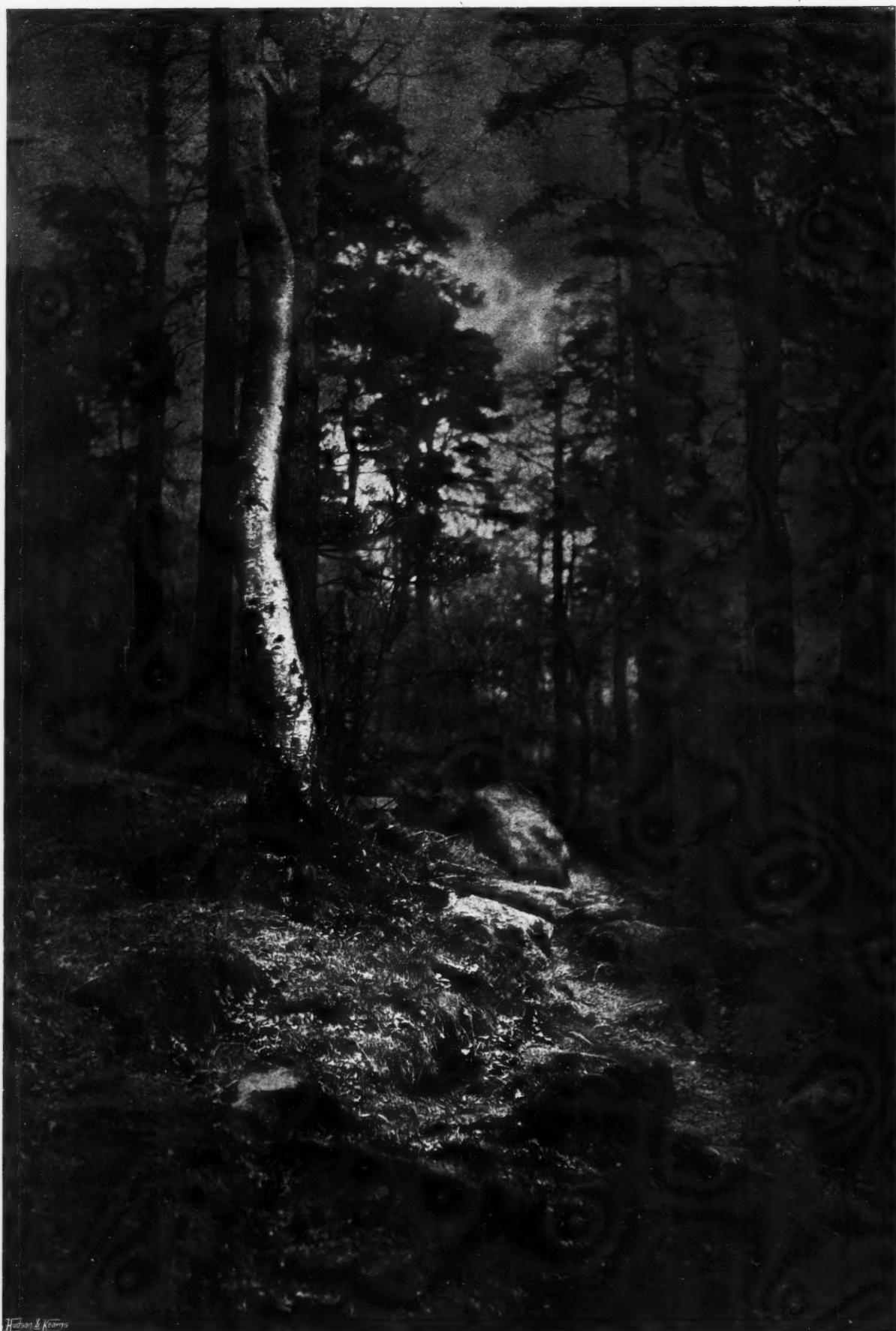
out of the amusement, and so if you give him any encouragement he will increase his destructiveness. For our part, we feel sure that further restriction is necessary, and not increased licence. Without laying ourselves open to a charge of over-sentimentality, we certainly think that a word can be said in favour of maintaining these sea-birds for their beauty. After all, man does not live by bread alone, and life would be much drearier and more desolate if it were not for the winged beauty that Nature has so abundantly provided. On jutting rock and low shore and wide sea she has sent these exquisite creatures, that appear to be fitted to inhabit the great fields of the sea, and than that we can say nothing finer about them. No doubt if we went deep enough we should find it all part of a divine harmony. Out of the sea and land were made the creatures that inhabit them, and, in the strictest sense of the word, there is something wicked and impious in the intentions of those who would destroy any part of that perfect and harmonious structure.

It may be necessary to reduce the numbers of any species of living creature that by its excessive prolificacy threatens to upset the natural balance, but in doing this very great care should be taken not to expose the offender to a persecution the end of which cannot be foreseen. A practical suggestion is that, under careful surveillance, the eggs of the cormorant might be taken.

THE NEED FOR . . . TREE-PLANTING.

UNDER the presidency of Lord Onslow it has been the decided policy of the Board of Agriculture to encourage tree-planting, and the rate at which wood is being used up for the manufacture of cheap paper for newspapers gives this subject an interest that is world-wide in its bearing. It is said that a single journal published in America uses up in one issue trees eighty years of age covering seven acres of ground. We can scarcely believe this to be true, but the assertion is given as a hearsay in the recently-issued "Tree Book" (Lane), by Mary Rowles Jarvis. But even if it be an approximation to the truth, and as much as that can scarcely be denied, it would supply excellent reason for planting trees wherever there is a vacant space. A great deal of land throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain that cannot in these days of cheap imports be utilised profitably for the cultivation of cereals, ought to be planted with trees. Of course, an objection which, if not openly urged, is at least made privately, refers to the long time that must elapse before a return is possible. These are days in which few people care much for posterity. They do not believe in Tristram Shandy's dictum that a man owes three duties to those who come after him. First, he should beget a son to fill the place that he will leave vacant; secondly, he should dig a well; and thirdly, plant a tree. Perhaps it may be said that in these days of over-population no blame attaches to those who neglect the first of these duties, and in a year of such moisture as the present it does not seem timely or necessary to dwell on the duty of digging wells, but the planting of trees is one of those things that ought not to be left undone. The attempt to institute an Arbor Day over the extent of Great Britain, which was made some years ago, was a practical recognition of this, and no doubt considerable good has resulted from the practice carried out in many villages of getting each of the school children to plant a tree on a holiday set apart for that purpose. Young people, at least, do not need to sacrifice anything for posterity, as probably before

[Dec. 5th, 1903.]



Hodson & Keats

A. Horsley Hinton.

A NATURAL WOODLAND.

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Hodson & Keen

A. Horsley Hinton.

Straight and tapered stoles.

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they are settled in life the sapling will have become an object of value. That is certain to be the case, at all events, if fruit trees are chosen, as they might very well be, for the cottage gardens. Scarcely a village in England has as much fruit as it ought to have, and if the inhabitants were encouraged to plant the best varieties in their allotments or plots of garden ground, the benefit would be considerable. But here again an obstacle is found in the migratory character of the people of the present

day. They naturally say to themselves and to one another that next year, or at any rate within a moderate space of time, they will, like so many others, have gone to live in town, and strangers would reap the benefit. Still, in these cases a certain amount of generous feeling seems to be demanded by the necessities of the situation. A generation will never do very much good even for itself that is entirely neglectful of the one that is to follow.

BROOD MARES AT SLEDMORE.

DO we not need a fresh Government enquiry into horse-breeding in England? Why have we the best race-horses and the worst mounted cavalry in the world? Our new War Minister has the reputation of being an earnest reformer, and he will see that the first requisite of efficiency is that our cavalry should be suitably horsed. The Sledmere Stud exists, and rightly so, to breed winners. The second-class horses become useful stallions, and, perhaps, under the auspices of the Royal Commission on Horse-breeding, improve our hunters. We breed horses entirely for pleasure, while the Government studs of foreign countries are maintained for public purposes. Not that Sledmere and its like have not a present use, for in those pleasant and picturesque paddocks on the Yorkshire wolds have been bred for a century or more the horses that give England to-day the command of the world's market for breeding stock. From our studs the best horses of foreign countries have come; to our studs they must return for fresh blood from time to time, and foreigners do better in certain classes of horses with our stock than we do.

The famous Sir Tatton Sykes was not the first of his race to love horses. There was Sir Mark, who named his colts after the Knights of the Round Table, and engaged Sam Chifney, "the long, thin, lazy lad," as his first jockey at £100 a year, a sum that would scarcely keep a modern jockey in



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PLAISANTERIE.

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spur-straps. It was Sir Mark, too, who planted many of the trees which every year glow in their autumn tints. Beech and ash they are for the most part, since oak "don't manage much of a tap-root in these parts." Nor are these clumps and belts of trees merely additions to the beauty of the sloping paddocks—they afford much grateful shelter to the mares and foals. When we breathe the pure air of the wolds, and note the lie of the paddocks, we do not wonder that the Sledmere yearlings so often fetch long prices at Doncaster. Yet no natural advantages will suffice to make a successful stud. There must be a judicious combination of running families and stout blood; and thus, when we come to look into the pedigrees of the beautiful mares at Sledmere, we shall find that there is system and method in the introduction and combination of the different strains of blood. The pride of Sledmere has always been its collection of mares. "We've the best mares of anybody; I don't care where they are, we can challenge any stud in England"—this was said more than half a century ago by old Snarry as he looked



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LA FLÈCHE.

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round on the Sieight-of-hand mares, but the boast would be as true to-day. Indeed, the record of Turf performances and the combination of winning strains—of Galopin, of Isonomy, of the stout Musket blood—have never been surpassed in any collection of thorough-bred mares we have seen.

Before, however, we turn to the consideration of the mares individually, we should like to draw the reader's attention to the pictures here reproduced. These portraits are worth studying. In them is given, with fidelity, the make and shape of some of the most famous mares of our time. And, what is more rare, the artist has managed to catch that indefinable character in the horses which so often escapes us in a photograph. Let us then take La Flèche first, for her career was a remarkable one. A high-priced yearling—Baron Hirsch paid £10,000 for her—she had a splendid career on the Turf, and passed at last into the Sledmere Stud at the price of 12,600 guineas, the largest sum ever paid for a brood mare. Always a taking mare, she has grown and improved out of all knowledge. Yet we should recognise that fine head anywhere, so full of quality and generous fire. It is the ideal head of the high-caste Arab. There is, too, the forehead, so marvellous in its lightness and strength, and the wonderful propelling power behind the saddle that enabled her to make hacks of many a field of good race-horses. La Flèche, moreover, is one of the finest representatives in the female line of the Musket blood, which the Duke of Portland's Carbine represents in the male line. Indeed, it was the success of



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MIMI.

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La Flèche, among others, that induced the Duke to bring Carbine from Australia. She is, it is hoped, in foal to Ladas, and there should be some competition for the produce when, fit and well, it comes under the hammer in due course. Most people remember La Flèche, but the twenty-one year old chestnut mare that steps so gaily in spite of her years is perhaps half forgotten. It is more than eighteen years since Plaisanterie electrified the racing world by winning the Cesarewitch (7st. 8lb.) and the Cambridgeshire (8st. 12lb.). She looks like the stayer she was, and her beautiful fore legs, with short cannon bones and exquisitely placed pasterns, are as clean as ever.

Mimi is a grand mare, who claims notice as the dam of St. Simon Mimi, him-

self a useful sire with a rising record of success. So much for the past; but she had a fine foal by Isinglass that brought the top price at the last Sledmere sale of yearlings at Doncaster. This mare should be in foal to the King's great horse Persimmon, and the offspring of such an alliance ought to be something better than usual. If it should turn out to be a filly, with such breeding it would hardly fail to be a treasure to any stud as a future matron.

Everyone will look with interest at Tierce. She has a fine filly foal by Gallinule, a horse that just now occupies a high place among sires. We saw Pretty Polly canter home with her ears pricked an easy winner of the Middle Park Plate, and already we hear talk of another Sceptre or La Flèche. At all events, the successes of her half-sister gave a fresh interest to our scrutiny of



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TIERCE.

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ORNIS.

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MAID OF THE MINT.

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GAME CHICK.

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Tierce's filly foal, and will make her an object of competition at the next sale. This will be more the case, because in Game Chick the mare has already had a useful winner (of the September Stakes at Sandown) to Gallinule. The last-named mare has been very judiciously mated with Florizel II., uniting by this means the direct lines of St. Simon and Isonomy. Another mare who has a good Turf record is Amphlett, by Amphyon; she is in foal to Diamond Jubilee, now expatriated. Maid of the Mint, by Minting, has a very likely-looking colt foal by Carbine, and here again we have an instance of judicious crossing. Two portraits only remain, Elizabeth M. and Ornus, the latter notable as being the daughter of two Derby winners—Bend Or and Shotover. We have thus a national treasure of the best blood in the world at Sledmere. We need not fear that England will lose the supremacy in horse-breeding whilst our landowners have the judgment to select and the public spirit to keep together such a stud as this. Many changes have come over Yorkshire, but the Yorkshiremen are just as enthusiastic as ever over a good horse. The present Sir Tatton Sykes has all the knowledge and judgment in horseflesh of his family and countrymen, and, though over seventy, is as keen as ever, riding many miles every day over the wolds of his native county.

While such studs as Sledmere remain we hold the key to the horse market of the world. Foreign breeders must come back to us for stock. If they make a little money out of us by selling carriage-horses to London dealers, they have to bring their profits back to us to purchase mares and horses wherewith to produce them. Fortunately, apart from the profit, raising first-rate pedigree stock has a charm for most Englishmen who love a country life, and, like Virtue, is its own—though not the only—reward.

IN THE GARDEN.

PLANTS AND SHRUBS UNDER TREES.

In the recently published quarterly volume of the Royal Horticultural Society there is a note by the editor about the best plants for growing under trees. This is, we know, a very interesting subject, and questions are frequently asked at this planting season as to the best things to select. The note is as follows : "We are frequently questioned on the best things to plant under the shade of trees, and the answer must always depend on the place on which the tree or trees are growing. If an isolated tree on a lawn, nothing is much better than Ivy, which will keep green and healthy for many years, if cut back a little every spring, and a mulch applied immediately afterwards of well-rotted manure ; for unless this is done the Ivy often becomes weak and miserable-looking, until it eventually dies. Should Ivy not meet with favour, Poa annua and Poa nemoralis will thrive under deciduous trees ; the former is a very dwarf-growing Grass, and the latter rather tall. Periwinkles, St. John's Wort, and Berberis Aquifolium are all excellent for growing under single trees, or under a mass of trees. Where there are a quantity of trees growing together, and undergrowth is wanted, there are few things better than the Sloe, or Blackthorn, as may be seen in most of the game coverts about the country. Other shrubs that are all more or less satisfactory are Rhododendron ponticum, Privet, Box, Hollies, Common and Portugal Laurels, Berberis buxifolia and B. Darwinii, Aucubas, American and English Blackberries, and many other plants, such as Elders, etc. ; but when this undergrowth is near to house or drive, the sense of tidiness causes all the fallen leaves to be raked up, and very often the ground dug every year, to the serious detriment of the underwood plants, which thus have all their best roots annually mutilated and destroyed. If the leaves must be raked up to keep the place neat, then a mulch of manure, soil, or burnt garden refuse should be given annually to compensate for the loss of plant food by the removal of leaves ; and instead of digging it in, allow the mulch to lie on the surface, where the roots will soon find it, and benefit exceedingly."

MUSHROOMS IN THE OPEN FIELDS.
Here is another excellent note : "Several Fellows have recently enquired how it is that no Mushrooms

grow in the land having though, Mushrooms incurred spawn a piece about very good and, after spade and undermeat and trees means should be green, with the turf placed. the piece 6 ft. to 6 in. that we distance enormous month, never or solitaires long year field, but agricultur result the crop as important sheep s diately otherwise by tradit. **THE C**
The plays are has been flowers damp we shine. In the outcome otherwise fruits, ar Society, thorough the leading Englehei of all othe under ou stands fin

W. A. Rouch.

true of or impeded of colour Fortunate Chrysanth other qua within my Neyron h perhaps do more

grow in their fields, although, apparently, the land is suitable. Provided the land is good and not subject to floods, there is no difficulty in having plenty of Mushrooms in the open fields almost every year, though, of course, some seasons are so wet and cold that few, if any, Mushrooms are produced; but, given an average season, the small expense incurred is paid over and over again. Early in May procure some good fresh spawn and break it up into pieces about the size of a hen's egg, inserting each piece about 3in. deep in pasture-land and covering it over firmly with soil. A very good plan that we practised most successfully was to take a sharp spade and, after inserting to the proper depth, raise the turf by leverage on the spade and drop the Mushroom spawn underneath, then withdraw the spade and tread down firmly. By this means the turf is not injured, and should dry weather follow it continues green, which would not be the case if the turf were lifted bodily and replaced. The distance apart between the pieces of spawn may vary from 6ft. to 6yds. In a field of five acres that we once spawned at the latter distance we gathered Mushrooms in enormous quantities for over a month, this particular field having never produced more than one or two solitary specimens before. The following year we did not respawn the field, but dressed it with 4cwt. of agricultural salt per acre, with the result that we had nearly as good a crop as in the previous year. It is important that horses, cattle, or sheep should be excluded immediately the Mushrooms appear, otherwise they will spoil half the crop by treading it down, etc."

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOWS.

The great Chrysanthemum displays are over for the year, and there has been a general lament that the flowers quickly rotted owing to the damp weather and absence of sunshine. In other words, the flowers are the outcome of high feeding, and therefore quickly decay without a dry and otherwise favourable season. A lecture on the disadvantage of size in flowers, fruits, and vegetables was recently given before the Royal Horticultural Society, and the Chrysanthemum especially was singled out as an example of thoroughly bad taste in forcing a thing as far as it will go. The opinions of the leading horticulturists were asked on this point, and the Rev. G. H. Engleheart, the well-known Daffodil hybridist, wrote as follows: "The flower of all others which appears to me to have suffered from bad taste is the one under our eyes at the present season—the Chrysanthemum. So long as size stands first of the criteria which guide the judges at our shows—and this is

superior qualities of colour, fragrance, and profuseness of bloom. In my own particular flower, the Narcissus, the most brilliant or the purest colour has not yet been joined to the maximum of size, and probably never will be. But I find that more and more a shade nearer to scarlet or pink or of purer white, or some gain towards perfection of form, is set higher in the general estimation than the simply gigantic." This is very true.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM IN THE OPEN GARDEN.

The Chrysanthemum ranks as one of the brightest and most useful of hardy flowers. It is in bloom even now, and is the one cheerful splash of



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AMPHLETT.

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colour in the garden. These flowers seem naturally to divide themselves into certain classes, according to their time of blooming. Throughout October the outdoor kinds were produced in abundance; before October other flowers are in such plenty that Chrysanthemums are scarcely wanted, though the fine varieties of the Desgrange class are always welcome. But with the last days of October, and throughout the earlier weeks of November, the few kinds that may be called perfectly hardy are plants of the utmost value. Foremost among these is Cottage Pink, a true garden plant of vigorous constitution, and of a colour that as yet stands alone in its clear purity of true pink, shading to a rich crimson in the centre, this crimson paling as the whole flower becomes mature.

Another true hardy Chrysanthemum is the well-known Julie Lagravère, far better out of doors than in, for in the open garden its colour is of a rich blood crimson, without a suspicion of the dusty quality that it shows when coddled indoors. Another grand outdoor kind is Soleil d'Or, a rather large Pompon, of a rich orange colour, shading to mahogany in the flower's earliest stage. Sœur Mélanie is another charming outdoor flower, and Pink Christine may generally be trusted. These and probably a few other true November kinds may be grown in the open garden, though they are all the better for the protection of a wall. Outdoor Chrysanthemums have one great advantage over those grown indoors in the vigour and beauty of their foliage. It does not mildew, and in the case of Cottage Pink it becomes stained, and is sometimes wholly coloured, with a rich crimson that assorts admirably with the clear pink flowers. These are the old favourites, and brighten many a cottage garden in the autumn; but it must not be forgotten that of late years many beautiful varieties have been raised which offer a charming assortment of colours, and these have added greatly to the value of the Chrysanthemum in the open garden. It is to be hoped that raisers will strive for pure, pronounced colours. A pure yellow, crimson, white,

or red are preferable to flowers of any shade of these, and soft pink and rose quickly lose their freshness in the damp and often sooty days of October and November.

A WINTER GARDEN.

In a letter to the writer two or three years ago there is an interesting description of what a hardy winter garden should be, and at this season for planting and making alterations it may be useful to some to know the ideas put forth. An outdoor winter garden may be made, though it cannot be very full of flower. As the correspondent referred to says: "By planting it rightly it may be a complete garden, furnished entirely with plants and shrubs



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SLEDMORE : ELIZABETH M.

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true of other flowers besides the Chrysanthemum—there will remain a great impediment to the bettering of the public taste. Vividness and refinement of colour should, and ultimately will be, the first touchstone of excellence. Fortunately the splendid material now available in the outdoor class of Chrysanthemums is fast educating the public taste in this contest of size *versus* other qualities. Indeed, appreciation of attributes other than bigness has within my memory advanced 'all along the line'; just as such a Rose as Paul Neyron has vanished from Rose shows, and even from most catalogues, so perhaps in no flower, except a restricted department of the Chrysanthemum, do mere length, breadth, and thickness count for much, apart from the



W. A. Rouch.

ORNIS.

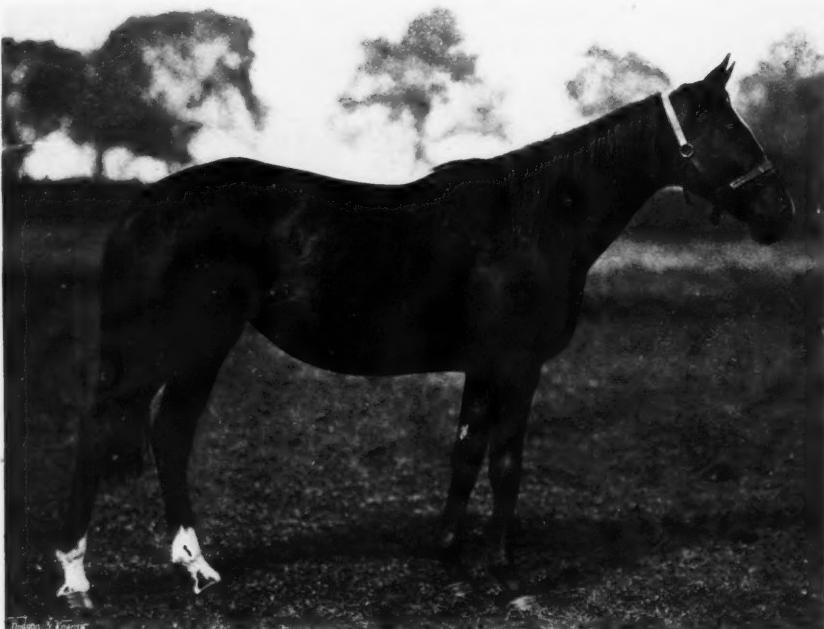
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MAID OF THE MINT.

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W. A. Rouch.

GAME CHICK.

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Tierce's filly foal, and will make her an object of competition at the next sale. This will be more the case, because in Game Chick the mare has already had a useful winner (of the September Stakes at Sandown) to Gallinule. The last-named mare has been very judiciously mated with Florizel II., uniting by this means the direct lines of St. Simon and Isonomy. Another mare who has a good Turf record is Amphlett, by Amphion; she is in foal to Diamond Jubilee, now expatriated. Maid of the Mint, by Minting, has a very likely-looking colt foal by Carbine, and here again we have an instance of judicious crossing. Two portraits only remain, Elizabeth M. and Ornus, the latter notable as being the daughter of two Derby winners—Bend Or and Shotover. We have thus a national treasure of the best blood in the world at Sledmere. We need not fear that England will lose the supremacy in horse-breeding whilst our landowners have the judgment to select and the public spirit to keep together such a stud as this. Many changes have come over Yorkshire, but the Yorkshiresmen are just as enthusiastic as ever over a good horse. The present Sir Tatton Sykes has all the knowledge and judgment in horseflesh of his family and countrymen, and, though over seventy, is as keen as ever, riding many miles every day over the wolds of his native county.

While such studs as Sledmere remain we hold the key to the horse market of the world. Foreign breeders must come back to us for stock. If they make a little money out of us by selling carriage-horses to London dealers, they have to bring their profits back to us to purchase mares and horses wherewith to produce them. Fortunately, apart from the profit, raising first-rate pedigree stock has a charm for most Englishmen who love a country life, and, like Virtue, is its own—though not the only—reward.

IN THE GARDEN.

PLANTS AND SHRUBS UNDER TREES.

IN the recently published quarterly volume of the Royal Horticultural Society there is a note by the editor about the best plants for growing under trees. This is, we know, a very interesting subject, and questions are frequently asked at this planting season as to the best things to select. The note is as follows: "We are frequently questioned on the best things to plant under the shade of trees, and the answer must always depend on the place on which the tree or trees are growing. If an isolated tree on a lawn, nothing is much better than Ivy, which will keep green and healthy for many years, if cut back a little every spring, and a mulch applied immediately afterwards of well-rotted manure; for unless this is done the Ivy often becomes weak and miserable-looking, until it eventually dies. Should Ivy not meet with favour, Poa annua and Poa nemoralis will thrive under deciduous trees; the former is a very dwarf-growing Grass, and the latter rather tall. Periwinkles, St. John's Wort, and Berberis Aquifolium are all excellent for growing under single trees, or under a mass of trees. Where there are a quantity of trees growing together, and undergrowth is wanted, there are few things better than the Sloe, or Blackthorn, as may be seen in most of the game coverts about the country. Other shrubs that are all more or less satisfactory are Rhododendron ponticum, Privet, Box, Hollies, Common and Portugal Laurels, Berberis buxifolia and B. Darwinii, Aucubas, American and English Blackberries, and many other plants, such as Elders, etc.; but when this undergrowth is near to house or drive, the sense of tidiness causes all the fallen leaves to be raked up, and very often the ground dug every year, to the serious detriment of the underwood plants, which thus have all their best roots annually mutilated and destroyed. If the leaves must be raked up to keep the place neat, then a mulch of manure, soil, or burnt garden refuse should be given annually to compensate for the loss of plant food by the removal of leaves; and instead of digging it in, allow the mulch to lie on the surface, where the roots will soon find it, and benefit exceedingly."

MUSHROOMS IN THE OPEN FIELDS.

Here is another excellent note: "Several Fellows have recently enquired how it is that no Mushrooms

grow in the lawns having thought Mushrooms incurred spawn piece a very good and, after spade underneath and means should be green, the the placed. the p 6ft. to that we distant enormous monthly, never p solitary ing ye field, 1 agricult result crop an importa sheep diately otherwise by trea THE T plays a has bee flowers damp v shine, the out otherw fruits, Society thorough the lead English of all c under stands

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grow in their fields, although, apparently, the land is suitable. Provided the land is good and not subject to floods, there is no difficulty in having plenty of Mushrooms in the open fields almost every year, though, of course, some seasons are so wet and cold that few, if any, Mushrooms are produced; but, given an average season, the small expense incurred is paid over and over again. Early in May procure some good fresh spawn and break it up into pieces about the size of a hen's egg, inserting each piece about 3in. deep in pasture-land and covering it over firmly with soil. A very good plan that we practised most successfully was to take a sharp spade and, after inserting to the proper depth, raise the turf by leverage on the spade and drop the Mushroom spawn underneath, then withdraw the spade and tread down firmly. By this means the turf is not injured, and should dry weather follow it continues green, which would not be the case if the turf were lifted bodily and replaced. The distance apart between the pieces of spawn may vary from 6ft. to 6yds. In a field of five acres that we once spawned at the latter distance we gathered Mushrooms in enormous quantities for over a month, this particular field having never produced more than one or two solitary specimens before. The following year we did not respawn the field, but dressed it with 4cwt. of agricultural salt per acre, with the result that we had nearly as good a crop as in the previous year. It is important that horses, cattle, or sheep should be excluded immediately the Mushrooms appear, otherwise they will spoil half the crop by treading it down, etc."

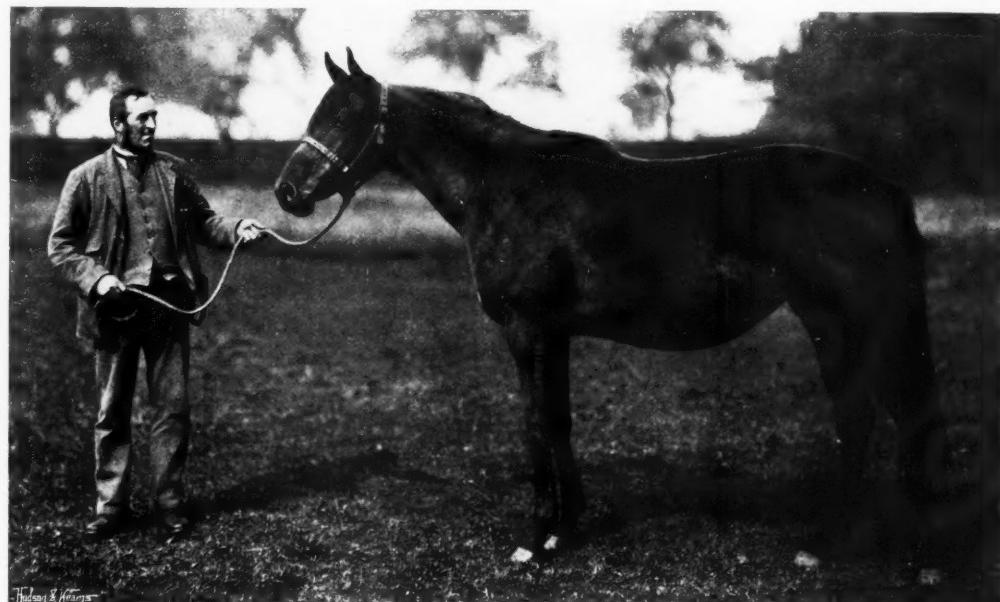
THE CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOWS.

The great Chrysanthemum displays are over for the year, and there has been a general lament that the flowers quickly rotted owing to the damp weather and absence of sunshine. In other words, the flowers are the outcome of high feeding, and therefore quickly decay without a dry and otherwise favourable season. A lecture on the disadvantage of size in flowers, fruits, and vegetables was recently given before the Royal Horticultural Society, and the Chrysanthemum especially was singled out as an example of thoroughly bad taste in forcing a thing as far as it will go. The opinions of the leading horticulturists were asked on this point, and the Rev. G. H. Engleheart, the well-known Daftodil hybridist, wrote as follows: "The flower of all others which appears to me to have suffered from bad taste is the one under our eyes at the present season—the Chrysanthemum. So long as size stands first of the criteria which guide the judges at our shows—and this is

superior qualities of colour, fragrance, and profuseness of bloom. In my own particular flower, the Narcissus, the most brilliant or the purest colour has not yet been joined to the maximum of size, and probably never will be. But I find that more and more a shade nearer to scarlet or pink or of purer white, or some gain towards perfection of form, is set higher in the general estimation than the simply gigantic." This is very true.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM IN THE OPEN GARDEN.

The Chrysanthemum ranks as one of the brightest and most useful of hardy flowers. It is in bloom even now, and is the one cheerful splash of



W. A. Rousch.

AMPHLETT.

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colour in the garden. These flowers seem naturally to divide themselves into certain classes, according to their time of blooming. Throughout October the outdoor kinds were produced in abundance; before October other flowers are in such plenty that Chrysanthemums are scarcely wanted, though the fine varieties of the Desgrange class are always welcome. But with the last days of October, and throughout the earlier weeks of November, the few kinds that may be called perfectly hardy are plants of the utmost value. Foremost among these is Cottage Pink, a true garden plant of vigorous constitution, and of a colour that as yet stands alone in its clear purity of true pink, shading to a rich crimson in the centre; this crimson paling as the whole flower becomes mature. Another true hardy Chrysanthemum is the well-known Julie Lagravère, far better out of doors than in, for in the open garden its colour is of a rich blood crimson, without a suspicion of the dusty quality that it shows when coddled indoors. Another grand outdoor kind is Soleil d'Or, a rather large Pompon, of a rich orange colour, shading to mahogany in the flower's earliest stage. Sœur Melanie is another charming outdoor flower, and Pink Christine may generally be trusted. These and probably a few other true November kinds may be grown in the open garden, though they are all the better for the protection of a wall. Outdoor Chrysanthemums have one great advantage over those grown indoors in the vigour and beauty of their foliage. It does not mildew, and in the case of Cottage Pink it becomes stained, and is sometimes wholly coloured, with a rich crimson that assorts admirably with the clear pink flowers. These are the old favourites, and brighten many a cottage garden in the autumn; but it must not be forgotten that of late years many beautiful varieties have been raised which offer a charming assortment of colours, and these have added greatly to the value of the Chrysanthemum in the open garden. It is to be hoped that raisers will strive for pure, pronounced colours. A pure yellow, crimson, white,

or red are preferable to flowers of any shade of these, and soft pink and rose quickly lose their freshness in the damp and often sooty days of October and November.

A WINTER GARDEN.

In a letter to the writer two or three years ago there is an interesting description of what a hardy winter garden should be, and at this season for planting and making alterations it may be useful to some to know the ideas put forth. An outdoor winter garden may be made, though it cannot be very full of flower. As the correspondent referred to says: "By planting it rightly it may be a complete garden, furnished entirely with plants and shrubs



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true of other flowers besides the Chrysanthemum—there will remain a great impediment to the bettering of the public taste. Vividness and refinement of colour should, and ultimately will be, the first touchstone of excellence. Fortunately the splendid material now available in the outdoor class of Chrysanthemums is fast educating the public taste in this contest of size *versus* other qualities. Indeed, appreciation of attributes other than bigness has within my memory advanced 'all along the line'; just as such a Rose as Paul Neyron has vanished from Rose shows, and even from most catalogues, so perhaps in no flower, except a restricted department of the Chrysanthemum, do mere length, breadth, and thickness count for much, apart from the

that show either their very best, or one of their best, moods from the beginning of November till the end of February."

The Green Garden.—Such a space would rather naturally divide itself into two sections, the first of which may be called the green garden. This would be enclosed within the shelter of the finest hardy evergreens, the best of all being our three grand natives, Yew, Holly, and Box. It would also have flowering Tree Ivy in neat bushes loaded with winter flower and fruit, and

in the winter months, namely, Hart's-tongue, Polypody, and the Male Fern, which in sheltered places holds its fronds till some time after Christmas. Two native plants would also be important in this garden, namely, Daphne Laureola and the wild Iris foetidissima, in full deep green winter foliage, and in November opening its large seed-pods and showing their bounty of scarlet-coloured seeds. Satin-leaf (Heuchera), and others of its near relatives, Tiarella and Tellima, will give colour foliage, and the Periwinkles will begin



Mrs. G. A. Barton.

THE AWAKENING.

Recently purchased by the Royal Photographic Society for its permanent collection.

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there would be spreading patches of the great white-flowered Christmas Rose (*Helleborus maximus*), and Sternbergia and Iris stylosa, both blue and white; Pernettyas, loaded with pink, white, and red berry; Andromeda axillaris and A. Catesbeii, in red-bronze winter dress, and highly-coloured Berberis Aquifolium. There would also be strong tufts of the beautiful Victory or Alexandrian Laurel (*Ruscus racemosus*), and the Gaultherias (at their best in winter). Then clumps of three hardy Ferns, that are conspicuous for beauty

the winter with the Mediterranean Vinca acutifolia, and end it with the garden varieties of V. minor, while the variegated V. major will show well among leaves of darker green. Skimmias and Aucubas will also find a place in the winter garden, carpeted with Asarum and Galax, and the small Euonymus radicans, with the clear bright variegated leaves. The grand leathery leaves of the Megaseas will also be there in bold masses, and in fine varieties of green and red-bronze colourings. The plants named by no

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means exhaust the list of those that might be used, though they have among them some of the most important. This, the green garden, surrounded by evergreen trees, should lead to the

Grey Garden, where a pleasant surprise will await those who have never seen a number of plants of grey foliage brought together. The chief occupants of the grey garden are Lavender bushes, Pinks, and Carnations, quite strangely beautiful in their masses of bluish grey. Many may have noticed how well Carnations, and especially the common white Pink, appear in the depth of winter, their blue-grey tufts looking stronger, brighter, and cleaner than at any other time of the year. The great white Thistles (*Onopordum*) and the Olympian Mullein are important plants in the grey garden, and beside the hedges of Lavender that mark out the chief lines and masses of the design, there are big bushes of Jerusalem Sage and of Lavender-Cotton, while lesser spaces are clothed with spreading shoots of Alyssum and Cerastium. The grey garden is enclosed within walls of grey stone, on which are trained Rosemary and the Cretan Cistus, shrubs that, though not exactly grey, have foliage of so cool a tone that they suit admirably with the grey-blue silver colouring of the main planting. There is something particularly cheerful and well dressed about the grey garden that is most pleasant to see in the short, dark days of the winter months. The use of spaces so planted is by no means restricted to the winter season, for even though they may be sufficiently clothed in their winter dress, many are the lovely summer flowers that may shoot up between the shrubs or through the silver carpet, such as Gladioli and Galtonia. There would also be quantities of China Roses in the grey garden in summer, and hosts of Lilies in the open.

RANDOM NOTES.

The New Garden of the Royal Horticultural Society; Appeal for Funds.—The Rev. W. Wilks, secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society, makes a strong appeal for funds to equip and maintain the garden of the late Mr. G. F. Wilson, recently given by Sir Thomas Hanbury, K.C.V.O. The secretary says that the great gifts, in the one case of £5,000 from Baron Sir Henry Schroeder, Bart., to the new hall, and of the garden from Sir Thomas Hanbury, "entail the responsibility of their completion. Fifteen thousand pounds is still wanted to complete the new hall and offices, and £5,000 is needed to equip the garden. Surely, surely the Fellows

will find these necessary amounts? Let all who wished for a new hall send a subscription to it now, and let all who wanted a new garden send a subscription to it likewise. The bone of contention as to which project should have precedence of the other has been taken away by these two kind and generous friends of the society; now the duty falls upon the rank and file of the Fellows to join together to complete the one and to equip the other. We have 7,000 Fellows, and if every one would send an average of £3 a head both hall and garden would be complete. Many who, when the Hall Fund was started, excused themselves, saying, "No; I should prefer a garden," have now obtained their wish. Let them now come forward and show that it was not a mere excuse, by giving liberally towards the garden; for it must be borne in mind that though the garden at Wisley is one of the most beautiful spots you can imagine, and is full of beautiful and rare plants, it is at present only a superb 'wild garden,' and for the purposes of the society needs a scientific department, a vegetable quarter, a fruit garden, and glass-houses added, besides dwelling-houses for the staff—the nearest village being two miles distant, and even there no house accommodation is to be had. The hall, too, is now half finished, but the funds to pay for it are not yet raised. . . . May we seriously entreat everybody to send something, some more than the average of £3 a head, some less; but each as best he can, and everybody something? It is hoped that both garden and hall will be able to be opened to the Fellows in the early part of next year, but at present it is impossible to admit anyone to either."

Double and Single Flowers.—At a meeting of the Horticultural Club recently a paper was read after dinner by Mr. G. S. Saunders, F.L.S., upon "Abnormal Growths in Plants," in which reference was made to the origin of the double flower. Mr. Saunders said, "One of the commonest of abnormalities is that of a double flower, where the cells which should have formed stamens form petals instead. The tendency of a flower to produce petals instead of stamens has been taken advantage of by florists, who have utilised it to breed the many charming double flowers that now grace our gardens. Notwithstanding the beauty of many double flowers, one is glad to find at the present time that there is a tendency for the popular taste to revert more to single blossoms than it has done for some years, for in doubling the individuality of form in the natural flower is completely lost."

ANIMALS IN LANDSCAPE.

THE publication of a book entitled "Nature's Riddles, or the Battle of the Beasts," by H. W. Shephard-Walwyn, reminds one how late the application of photography to natural history has become quite the vogue, and amongst those who have so specially directed their photographic skill to recording attitudes and habits of living things, Mr. Martin Duncan has carried matters further by employing the kinematograph, and at a recent meeting of the Camera Club gave the members an exhibition of some of his wonderful results.

Since the traditional first man made an inventory of his contemporary animals, assigning to each a distinctive name, his own and his descendants' joy in the fair country-side has been largely founded on the knowledge that there are cattle upon the hills and flocks in the fertile valleys, whilst beasts prowl in the forest which may be made to furnish warm skins for man's necessity. Hence it became instinctive to mankind to regard an untenant island, a land devoid of animal life, as something to be abhorred, and only in quite recent times has there been anything but a very limited admiration for pure landscape in pictorial art. Of painter and draughtsman alike it



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A HIGHLAND TARN.

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was demanded that animal life or human figure should be introduced into every landscape, and with whatever difficulty this may have presented the artist, it was all one to the photographer whether the scene included animal life or not, provided there was sufficient light to admit of a rapid exposure and so avoid showing movement.

It is not necessary to discuss here the art principles which underlie every good picture, for it is certain that the average man knows nothing of these, and looks to a picture to interest and amuse him, and hence, still retaining something of the primitive interest in animal life, he admires most those pictures, by whatever process made, which include animals that he can recognise and understand; and with no higher flights of imaginative art the photographer may well be content to produce such pictures as these, of which the groups of Highland cattle reproduced in these pages this week may serve as examples.

But such photographs are not secured by merely setting up the camera in a haphazard manner, and relying on its mechanical perfection, just letting off the shutter with no further thought. The photographer needs to determine if the cattle or the landscape interest is to prevail.

The animals or figures, whatever they are, may often be so small as to merely constitute a few dots, importing touches of light into a dark shadow, or in some such way contributing to the good composition of the whole, and such, of course, has nothing to do with the present matter. But often enough the photographer so chooses his subject as to make the landscape and animal interest so nearly equal that the one interferes with the other, and a little

symmetrical group amongst themselves, and also fall into and constitute a harmonious part of the general design of the picture as a whole.

Let it be said at once that the artificial arrangement of a group of sheep, cattle, horses, or what not, is nearly certain to be met with failure. If we attempt to drive or entice our animal models, they will inevitably assume a hunted, huddled form, whereas we want to present them in free and unguarded mien, with no hint as to human intrusion. And so patience to wait until chance and the unconscious movement of our models brings about a happy grouping, and a quick determination to seize instantly upon the opportunity, are the two qualities to cultivate. Alas! the disappointments one must be prepared to endure! The writer well remembers setting up the camera by a charming scene in Surrey, where a finely-arched bridge spanned a reed-grown stream, and there waiting two whole hours in the blaze of a summer's day, confident that in due course the cows on the bank would move down to the water's edge and complete the picture. And so they did, but they wandered down on the other side of the stone bridge, and were completely obscured thereby!

Then, too, how comparatively rare it is to find the amateur's photograph of a flock of sheep approaching us on the road; to get ahead of the drove and then right-about-face and expose are so much more difficult and require much more nerve than to follow and fire from the rear.

Unless a feeling for composition and design is inherent, as it is in some natures, the photographer who would really improve should look up, in one of the many text-books, the elementary principles of composition, which are



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DOWN FROM THE HILL.

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deliberate judgment should always be used to decide whether the scene to be photographed shall be treated as a "Landscape with Cattle," or a cattle piece or study in which the landscape interest is subsidiary.

Such photographs as are here reproduced from the originals of Mr. Charles Reid leave no doubt in one's mind that the cattle themselves were the motive, and on pictorial or artistic grounds, perhaps, that entitled "Highland Cattle" is the most successful, because the landscape, as will be seen, is simpler and broader, containing less intricate detail to distract the attention from the animals.

In a future article animal portraiture will be dealt with, in which class of work little or no attempt is made to secure any hint of the creatures' characteristic environment. In the general animal picture, then, the first consideration is to secure the proper relative proportion between the animals and the landscape setting, and by proportion a mere question of size is not intended, but the proportion of interest. For instance, in "Down from the Hill" the hillocks are not very large, either individually or as a group, when compared with the total area of the picture, and yet, by reason of their compact mass and darker tone, they unquestionably dominate the whole, an effect which would have been greatly improved had the intruding tree branch in the top left-hand corner been omitted.

Next, as to grouping or composition. Here, perhaps, more than in anything else, the average amateur fails, being either too impetuous and too indifferent to higher excellence, or else failing to realise how essential to a really pleasing picture it is that the animals shall form a well-balanced and

the same for all graphic arts; and it is in this connection that there will come the parting of the ways as between the photograph which is merely an illustration of certain living creatures in Nature—an illustration valuable in its way—which will tell people in other countries and other times what a particular breed of cattle is or was like, and that other description of photograph which we call pictorial, in which the sheep or cattle share only slightly greater honours with the mountains and trees, and other items, in building up or composing a pleasing composition; a picture in which each object is not there for its own intrinsic beauty or interest, but as a vehicle of light and shade.

It is no part of the present article to advocate the superior claim of either class of work, but it will be well for the photographer to decide to which class his productions shall belong, inasmuch as they cannot serve two masters.

Here, as leading to a brief reference to the means and appliances to be used, it may be pointed out how the majority of photographs of animals seem to depict these living creatures as in a condition of suspended animation, for it must be admitted that identical results could be obtained with stuffed dead models. The charm of an artist's sketch of such subjects is the manner in which his picture suggests movement. A single line perhaps is made to incorporate a hint of the previous moment, a record of the present, and a premonition of the next. It may, however, be objected that the artist often depicts moving animals in attitudes which are not true to fact. Such may be the case, but such inaccuracy is of small moment as compared with the value of



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CRAG AND SEA.

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[Dec. 5th, 1903.]

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the convincing suggestion of movement given. Actual movement in a dead or stationary representation cannot, of course, be reproduced, and hence some conventional or arbitrary method of indicating it must be resorted to, and that in some part constitutes the art of the thing. How this is to be done in photography it is not easy to say; but the fact remains that occasionally one does come across a photograph which is full of action and movement. Perhaps the fear of getting an unsharp image leads often to the use of too rapid an exposure. Of course the exposure should not be so long or ill-timed as to result in any considerable blur, although an almost inappreciable departure from the absolutely rigid may be anything but a disadvantage.

But the whole question of depicting animals in motion may well form the subject of a separate article, and is certainly too far-reaching to be dealt with here. As to the apparatus to be used, probably a hand camera of reliable type will be best, on account of its being more easily wielded, but for which circumstance the better opportunity for seeing and composing the picture which the stand camera gives would make that preferable. In any case a rapid shutter will be required, and the focal-plane shutter attached to a reflecting hand camera should be, *par excellence*, the outfit for animal photography, such a shutter admitting a much larger volume of light with a given length of exposure, and in so many photographs of animals the great fault is due to insufficient light or under-exposure. Instinctively one would use a rapid plate, though it is not often imperative to use the most rapid varieties, which are always more difficult to manipulate.

It is not necessary to seek the wild slopes of the mountain or the wide expanse of the moors to secure pleasing pictures with cattle or sheep for their predominant theme. Uncouth and shaggy as the Highland cattle may be, they are not intrinsically more valuable from a purely pictorial point of view than the more commonplace milch kine of the Lowland farm. It is, after all, not the actual material, not the physical facts and subject-matter employed, so much as the judgment and taste displayed in producing the picture; but the landscape surroundings, whatever its nature—be it mountain or forest, seashore or farmyard—must not contain any awkward line or prominently ugly feature, or the most perfectly composed group will of



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

HIGHLAND CATTLE.

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the Manchester Amateur Photographic Society's "Record," Mr. Walter Kilbey, an expert in rapid hand-camera work, says hoar frost pictures should only be attempted when the rime is really thick, and even then the subject is not an easy one to tackle. The resulting picture should be full of detail and sparkle, though it must be confessed that many attempts are shown which might have been made upon a black fence covered with whitewash. The difficulty, of course, is that in attempting to secure detail in the dark portions of the subject, and in the shadows, the lights become clogged up and lose their texture.

With the closing of the London Photographic Exhibitions one realises that Mrs. G. A. Barton is the hero—or should one say the heroine?—of the hour, and her beautiful subject, "The Awakening," which has been purchased by the Royal Photographic Society for its permanent collection and awarded a medal, seems particularly appropriate at the present season, achieving as it does a wonderful success in getting abreast of one of the most respected art conventions, the theme of the Madonna and Child. Mr. A. C. R. Carter, writing in "Photograms of the Year," just published, says, "Before 'The Awakening' all criticism is silenced." Nor is this so universally admired work a mere happy accident, for quite a number of only a little less successful and appealing pictures by the same lady might have been seen at both the exhibitions. And let the amateur photographer take note that in order to secure her "Capri Child," a "Breton Girl," and other similar studies, Mrs. Barton has not travelled afar, her models being in every case her own children, suitably attired, and one may well imagine how these little "sitters" have by now become excellently trained as models, a matter of no small importance in making figure studies a serious pursuit.

A. H. HINTON.



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

SEEKING COOLNESS.

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necessity be irreparably injured as a picture, and yet scarcely attain as a natural history record.

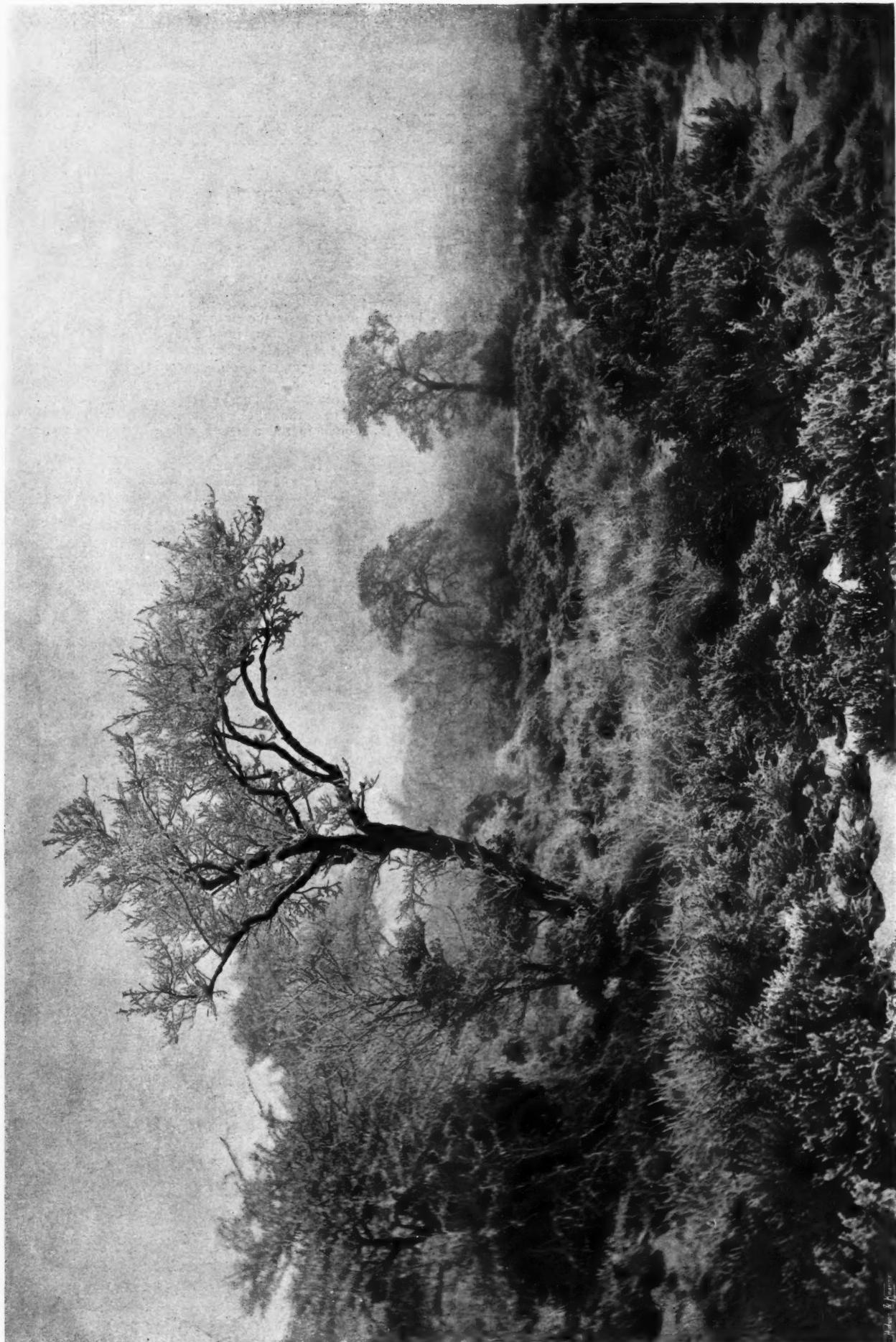
A. H. HINTON.

With the first real touch of frost, Mr. Greatbatch's *tour de force* in the photographic rendering of hoar frost makes a timely appearance, and will serve as an object-lesson for the moment when the amateur braces himself to withstand the cold, and with numbed fingers painfully handles the cold brass focussing screw to record the fantastic decorations of frost or snow. Writing on this matter in

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WINTER.

W. T. Greatbatch.

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IT is with more than common pleasure that we present our readers today with some views of the exquisite gardens of the Villa D'Este at Tivoli. The illustrations are part of a series taken for a book of Italian gardens to be included in our "COUNTRY LIFE Library." It is dedicated by special permission to His Majesty the King of Italy, and we are glad of this opportunity of recording our thanks for the Royal courtesy and kindness with which he treated our representative in Italy. When our readers look at Mr. Latham's photographs, they will agree that we have much to learn from these homes and gardens.

Perhaps in its ruin the garden of Villa d'Este is even more imposing than when it was exquisitely ordered and gay with flowers. Falda's old prints show us formally-arranged parterres and newly-planted trees and shrubs; now, the cypresses, the ilexes, and the plane trees have attained a colossal growth, yet we still recognise that the effect as a whole was planned from the outset. Those old gardeners managed that their scheme should unfold consistently with each succeeding year. The garden is a wonderful specimen of symmetrical arrangement, and must have been beautiful from the first.

On a first survey the impression is one of romantic and bewildering beauty. Everywhere we are met by noble terraces, by old grey-stone stairways and balustrades, by half-ruined fountains, by shady groves and alleys, which breathe the very spirit of romance, and are fit to be the haunt of faun and dryad.

Roses—pink, white, and red—hang in sheets over the grey stonework, and Judas trees flush purple in the spring, while in late autumn every corner is aglow with chrysanthemums. Then we try to distinguish the scheme, and we ask who they were who wrought here, and what was the life they led.

The story of the fallen condition of Tivoli, the ancient Tibur, and its revival in the fourteenth century, are proclaimed in a Latin oration of the poet Mureto, which runs almost literally:

Years came and went, that joy of other days,
Tibur, lay ruined, lost her old-world praise.
Gone were her streams and orchards, gone the last,
The stately footprints of her buried past.
Those scenes so oft the theme of classic lay,
Mouldered, unkempt, unsightly in decay,
Weeping their vanish'd joys, her sylvan daughters,
Wandered by mourning Anio's fainting waters.
A wayfarer in Tibur's heart might stand,
And, "Where is Tibur?" cry; so marr'd the land.
That godlike soul, the sacred choir's delight,
Hypolytus brooked not so sad a sight.
He bade the woodlands dress once more in green,
With far-flung leafage, wandering o'er the scene.
He bade fresh well-springs ooze from out the hills,
And in a breath, forth leapt the new-born rills.
Saved from the wreck of Time, hail the escape
Of marbles fair, to Phidias owing shape.



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THE THREE POOLS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Brow-bound with olive wan, joyful once more,
Anio pours wealth into the common store.
Well may those hallowed rills, these woodlands vie,
In wafting one great name into the sky—
List to the breezes, murmuring along,
'Hypolytus' is still their tuneful song."

The classics are full of the fame and prosperity of Tivoli in the days when Augustus held summer court in the mountains and Horace entertained at his villa; but all these glories disappeared with the glory of Rome. The town, though still possessing some importance, was squalid and poverty-stricken, though, from time to time, the reigning Pope or some Roman noble fled to the mouldering old Castello to avoid the heat of the plains. It was in the spring of 1549 that the courtly and accomplished young Cardinal of Ferrara, Ippolito d'Este, was named Governor of Tivoli by Paul III. The son of Alfonso I., Duke of Ferrara, and Lucrezia Borgia, he must not be confused with his warlike and unscrupulous uncle of the same name, the brother of Isabella d'Este. This Ippolito was her nephew, and had already shown all the diplomatic qualities of his famous house. He had had a distinguished career as Ambassador to the Court of France, he was Bishop of Siena, Abbot of Jervaulx, held half-a-dozen other French dignities, was deep in the confidence of the Pope and the leading Italian statesmen, and a renowned patron of art and letters.

Popular, magnificent, beloved and admired, the Cardinal, according to the fashion of the day, was accompanied by a

splendid cortège of more than 250 nobles and distinguished litterati as, on a beautiful spring day, he rode across that historic plain to take possession of his appointment. The Tiburtines mustered all their resources to give him a welcome: a band of horsemen and footmen met him outside the gates (he entered just where the train line now ends), the elders and magistrates proffered the keys within, a hundred children in white waved palm branches, trumpets pealed, and salvos of artillery were fired. "He was so gratified and pleased that his eyes were full of tears." Almost at once he must have formed the plan of living here, and decided to pull down the old Castello in which he was lodged. He consulted with Pirro Ligorio, a follower of the great Vignola, and they produced an outline for a villa which should rival those at Lante and Caprarola. For a large sum of money the land was acquired from the municipality; there were not wanting irreconcilables who protested against the destruction entailed of the humble homes which clustered down the mountain-side, but any individual hardship must have been counterbalanced by the employment and prosperity which the Cardinal brought. It was a gigantic task imposed upon the old builder, the fashioning of that stretch of rough ground and crowded buildings into beauty and symmetry. It was above all a summer palace which Ligorio was to create, and surely never was a construction which kept its purpose more closely in view or of which the resources were handled in more masterly fashion.

The river Anio flowed into Tivoli from the mountain heights, and a part of the waters, at great expense, were turned to flow with great force through the grounds. The natural descent of the



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THE POOL OF THE ORGAN FOUNTAIN.

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THE FOUNTAIN OF THE ORGAN.

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mountain was carved into huge terraces, the whole laid out in a grandiose scheme of fountains, grouped with planting, and connected by paths and stone stairways. The villa, which is entered from a piazza of the little town, is built round a court with offices and chapel. The grand staircase leads downwards to the main apartments, and the façade of three stories stretches the whole width of the garden, which falls away in front of it.

The villa is a simple structure of a good period of the Renaissance, with rooms opening one into the other, and a long gallery at the back of each story. They are spacious and airy,

every one looks to the sunshine and the view. The two first stories have delightful *loggias* faced with travertine, and deep-seated windows, temptingly adapted for conversation or for reading and basking. The long gallery at the back of the principal suite is set at intervals with fountains, and must have afforded a deliciously cool promenade in the hottest weather. A double flight of steps leads down to the ample terrace, at one end of which rises a stately archway leading to little *loggias* and a belvedere from which to enjoy the enchanting prospect.

"A view," writes Fulvio Testi to the Duke of Modena in

1620, "which perhaps has not its equal in the world." It is not only that from far below there rises up the "silver smoke" of the olives, and that far beyond stretches the vast campagna, its gold and purple lights and shadows melting into the hues of the Sabine Mountains, while faint upon the distant horizon may be descried the pearly bubble of the great Dome which broods over the Eternal City; it is not only the exquisite beauty, but the whole plain teems with memories "half as old as Time." Here have marched Roman legions, here Brutus and Cassius have fled, red with Cæsar's blood, here Zenobia passed to her long captivity in Tivoli, here Federigo of Urbino rode at a later day. Yonder stood the villa of Mæcenas, and blue Soracte watches unchanged as in the days when it saw the revels of the Antonines or the delights of Hadrian's Villa.

Rome, can still be distinguished models of the Pantheon, Temple of Vesta, and other buildings, which went by the name of Roma Vecchia, and sent out a thousand jets of water. At the other end is the Ovato, which Michael Angelo, when he visited here, called the Queen of Fountains. Through an archway a green enclosure is reached, where river gods and goddesses of heroic size still recline above the foaming cascade. Some fragments mark where Pegasus once rode as on Mount Helicon, above these cool arcades, where a few of the naiads who poured water from urns and played with dolphins are still lingering. The deep green shade, the cool air, damp with spray, the sound of falling water, make this an ideal spot on a hot southern afternoon.

Below the gallery, enclosed in a graceful, curving stairway,



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THE FOUNTAIN STAIRWAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

From below, tower aloft the rich, dark velvet columns of the cypresses; on all sides even now, though their supply is much diminished, is heard the splash and tinkle of the fountains. There are said to be 360 in the grounds, divided into great groups. Below the main terrace stretches the Gallery of a Hundred Fountains; it is 300ft. long, and on the upper side is a wall of waterworks, headed with a long range of armorial bearings—"the eagle white, the lily of gold" of Este. The buse was adorned with stucco reliefs of the metamorphoses of Ovid. In summer the whole is clothed in a luxuriant curtain of maidenhair fern.

On a raised plateau at the end of the gallery, looking towards

down the balustrades of which cascades once dashed to the basin below, are the remains of the Fountain of the Dragon. This was designed to celebrate the visit of Pope Gregory XIII., whose crest was a dragon. It burst forth by torchlight on the closing evening of his stay, and we are told that he was "surprised and delighted" at the compliment. At the foot of the steep descent the garden spreads out broad and level, and is crossed by a succession of deep fish-ponds set in massive stonework, on which stand huge vases. The rush of water from the upper end comes from the elaborate wall-fountain of the Organ, a splendid construction which played "madrigals and other music." Round one were trees made of brass and stucco, in which were perched

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THE LOGGIA.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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A RENAISSANCE FOUNTAIN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

mechanical birds, which sang "each in his natural voice" till a civetta or owl appeared, when they became silent; the owl withdrew, and they sang again. In the cypress groves are traces of other grand fountains, a beautiful triumphal arch, the Girandola, from which water escaped by such fine channels that it resembled dust, and traces of a group dedicated to the Goddess of Nature.

The Cardinal employed Ligorio to excavate in Hadrian's Villa and in Tivoli itself, and the gardens were adorned with numbers of statues, many of them superb works of antiquity. In 1664, Archbishop Fabio Croce gives a list of over sixty groups,

figures, and busts "still remaining"; and on every side may still be seen remnants of the pedestals upon which Mars and Venus, Helen and Paris, Pan crowned with flowers, and the Roman emperors, once shone in gleaming marble.

The laying out of the grounds was largely completed in the lifetime of Cardinal Ippolito, and Mureto and Bulgarini, poet and historian, have left a pleasant picture of his life there. He died in 1572, and is buried in the cathedral of San Francesco in Tivoli. Mureto's funeral oration gives us a very full impression of a great Churchman of the Renaissance. "Who," he says, "was ever more splendid

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and magnificent in every relation in life? What sumptuous edifices he raised, what works of antiquity he unearthed, which, but for him, might never have been discovered. What illustrious artists he inspired to make fresh experiments. What princes, what lawyers, what great and powerful men he gathered round him, receiving them like a splendid Cardinal, almost a king. How liberal and magnificent he was to the poor, you know, oh Tiburtines, who remember his continuous and daily almsgiving, and how, when sickness came, he sent every day to visit every person who was sick, so that none should be left out, or lack what was necessary for the recovery of their health, or to keep their families during their sickness. No one more loved doctors and men of letters, no one had a greater number at his court, and

no one treated them with more generosity. They would converse familiarly with him while he sat at his suppers, and talk of public business, and towards them and his dependents he behaved with such familiar and homely kindness, like an equal, joking and talking, correcting faults with paternal love rather than with anger or pride. No one forgot injuries or ingratitude more easily, and was so ready to accord fresh benevolence. He proved his piety and religion in every hour of his life, and, in the last moments of his mortal career, he called upon God's sacred minister, he confessed his sins, and expressed his deep penitence for all in which he had come short, and then cast himself on the Divine mercy." We can picture him pacing these wide terraces, surrounded by his court, or sitting on summer evenings at the



THE FOUNTAIN OF THE DRAGONS.

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THE LOWER FOUNTAINS.

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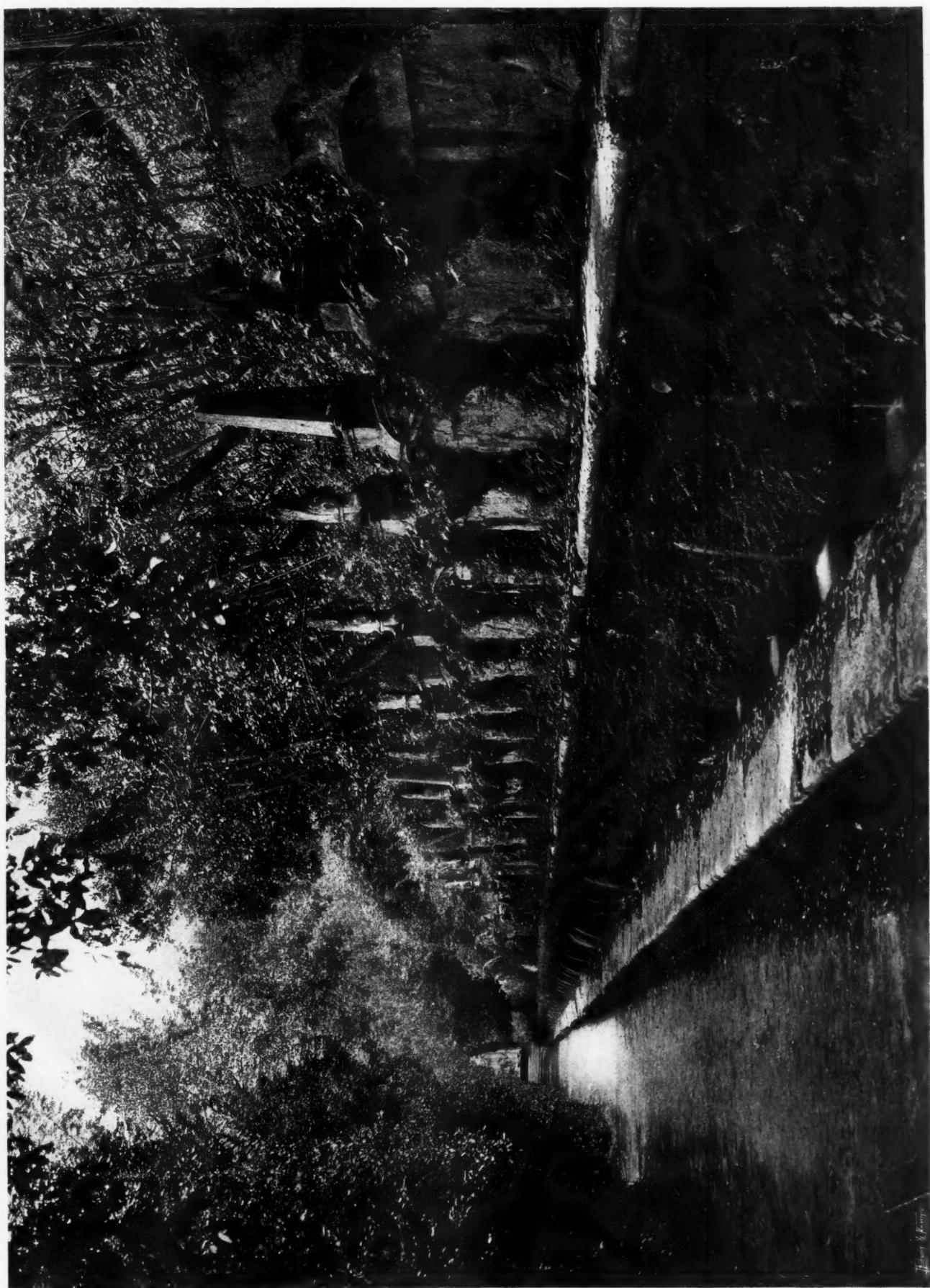
BY THE HUNDRED FOUNTAINS.

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THE GALLERY OF THE HUNDRED FOUNTAINS.

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old stone tables, which, with the seats round them, are still standing in the same places. His nephew, Cardinal Luigi, who succeeded him, leaves a less pleasant impression. He was as magnificent, and entertained lavishly, but was always in debt, and obliged at length to sell many of the priceless treasures which his uncle had collected. After his death, the villa fell into disuse as a residence, and the finest statues were sold to the Capitol or carried to Modena. It now belongs to the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, whose grandfather received it in marriage with the last heiress of the house of Este.

Watteau was one of those who often visited the garden during his stay in Rome. He delighted in it, and has left numerous drawings made there, and we feel as if we can trace its solemn influence in the deepening of his art. In our own

brothers Zuccari, Tempesta, Muziano, and Georgio Vasari. The eagle and the lily are introduced at every possible point. The scenes are chiefly symbolical. The white eagle looms large among the animals saved from the flood, Moses strikes the rock in allusion to the streams that flowed at the will of the Cardinal, the gods banquet overhead in the great dining hall. The labours of Hercules upon one ceiling are a compliment to the reigning Duke Ercole, the Cardinal's brother. His own cipher, "Hyp . est . Card . Ferrar .," runs across the wall, and above, Liberality, Generosity, and Immortality suggest his virtues. Servants are painted coming in at simulated doors, and on the walls of what was evidently the Cardinal's bedroom, with a closet off it for a secretary or attendant, are shelves painted with a Cardinal's hat and a Bishop's mitre. Over the entrance to



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THE QUEEN OF THE FOUNTAINS.

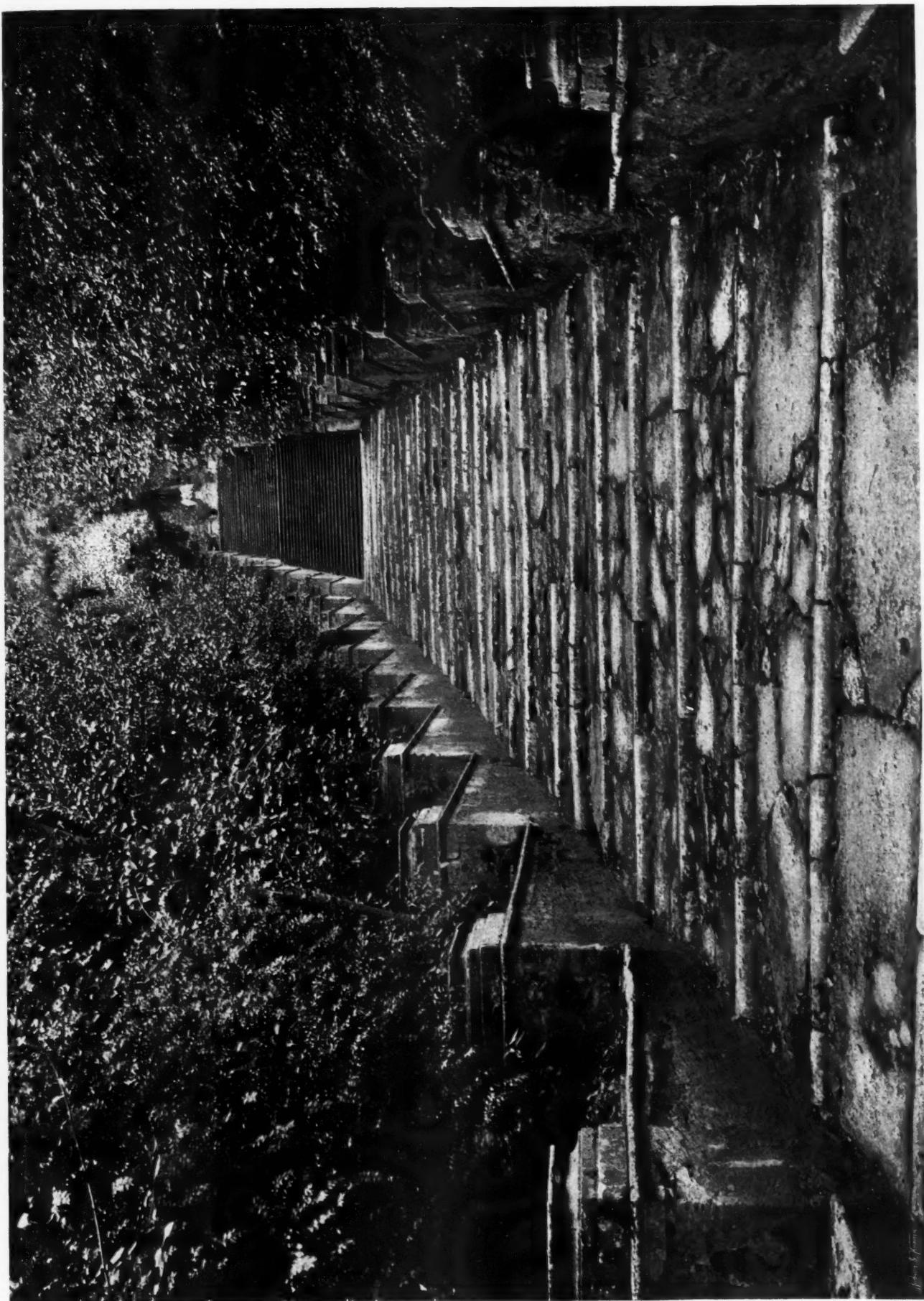
"COUNTRY LIFE."

time it was rented for many years by Cardinal Hohenlohe, a kind and courtly ecclesiastic, not unfit to dwell in the halls of the great Cardinal of Ferrara. Liszt, the famous musician, was his guest for several summers, and we are told how he spent the hours composing and playing, mimicking the Angelus from the bells of the town, or in his playing of Chopin vying with the liquid sounds of the silvery spray without. Fit successors these of all the poets, painters, and philosophers who have wandered here. Needless to say, it is a haunt beloved of artists, and several well-known Roman painters have studios in Tivoli.

The frescoes that adorn the long range of rooms are wonderfully well preserved, and give an excellent idea of the villa decorations of the late Renaissance. They are by the

dining hall the artist Zuccaro, painted as Mercury, follows us everywhere with his eyes. Above the doorway two charming *putti* support the arms of the Cardinal. The end room, the Hall of Sports, is decorated with delightfully painted birds and hunting scenes. Here tradition says that Tasso wrote his "Aminta," and read it aloud to a chosen circle by the fountain to the Goddess of Nature at the bottom of the garden. Though there is no positive record of Tasso's presence here, we know that he was secretary to Cardinal Luigi d'Este in 1572, the year before the "Aminta" was represented in Ferrara, and would naturally have attended his master when he came to Tivoli to escape the heat of Rome. When Pope Gregory visited Cardinal Luigi, these bare walls were brave with green and crimson velvet,

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THE LOWER STAIRWAY.

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AN ANCIENT SEAT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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BY THE GREAT POOLS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and the Pope's bed was hung with velvet curtains, embroidered with seed pearls which had belonged to Henry II. of France. What brilliant companies have met here! How the thrum of music, wit, and joyous hospitality has sounded through these silent chambers, how the rose-red silken robes of the princes of the Church have rustled on these terraces, what intrigues have been discussed, and what destinies decided!

To-day it is deserted. Year in, year out, the sunsets gild the tall cypresses, silent sentinels upon the ramparts; the wind sweeps the forsaken alleys, the roses scatter their scented

quickly followed by autumn and winter; it only means change and variety—there are no blank seasons, no empty spaces. If the mosses, lichens, and fungi of winter are not so showy as the spring glory of primrose and hyacinth, they yet possess a charm of their own, and will be found interesting to anyone who will notice his rural surroundings.

Hips, the well-known fruits or berries of the rose, vary considerably in colour, according to the species. In the case of the common pink dog rose they are orange red, those of the white trailing Rosa arvensis are scarlet, and those of the dwarf Burnet rose purplish black. We read that in olden days, before fast steamers and free trade made foreign fruit so plentiful, wild rose hips were often used for dessert. Judging by their interior arrangements of



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THE CYPRESS GROVE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

showers, the fountains splash in their moss-grown basins: from out of the busy world we enter one of long ago, and we go back and leave it to its solemn peace—a garden which Time itself seems to have forgotten.

"They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep;
And Bahrám, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, and he lies fast asleep."

EVELYN MARCH PHILLIPS.

HIPS AND HAWS.

DURING the late autumn, and in those days of early winter, an unparalleled opportunity has been offered of observing the effects of excessive moisture on the wild fruits of field and hedgerow. One of the curious characteristics of the season is such a crop of blackberries as has seldom before been seen in England. These, however, are mostly gathered by the human animal; hips and haws fill the winter larder of the small songsters.

Under this category many unlearned or unobservant people class all our wild hedge berries, but to those who enjoy even a small acquaintance with the numerous trees and plants which adorn our roadsides, and form not the least attractive feature in English rural life, hips and haws are only two amongst many species of beautiful berries that take the place of wild flowers, as the latter fade with departing summer. The owner of a cottage garden once said to me, comparing hers with more ambitious "bedding" effects elsewhere: "There is always something to look at here, summer or winter." Even so in Nature's garden, though spring gives way to summer, and summer is all too

stony seeds and downy hair, I should imagine they must have been only a last resource of a housekeeper in emergency. Whose digestion could cope with such items? Many is the needle I have broken in childhood's days trying to string together these hard-hearted berries into necklaces and bracelets. Birds, however, who have the advantage of possessing gizzards, and, unlike timid humanity, are in no fear of such horrors as appendicitis, quickly clear the hedgerows of these delicacies, "autumn's red-lipped fruitage." Some of the garden rose trees, like the Rugosas, are hardly allowed to colour their hips before these are greedily devoured by blackbirds.

We all know, but few place credence in, the old adage, "years of store of haws and hips do commonly portend cold winters," though I must acknowledge the autumn before the famous West Country blizzard the hawthorn bushes were quite crimson from the numerous haws clustering as thick on each branch as did their forerunners, the snowy blossoms. In spite of which coincidence such abundance is in reality the result of the season that is past, and is in no way prophetic of that which is to come.

Growing among the hips and haws, and far more beautiful than either, are the mountain ash or—to give it the prettier Scotch name—rowan tree berries, bright coral red, hanging in heavy bunches. These slender little trees often pay the penalty of a too-conspicuous attractiveness in broken branches and torn bark. A rustic swain out with his young woman for a Sunday afternoon will ruthlessly drag down a cluster of berries to decorate the lady's dress or hair; and very well they look worn by a dark-haired beauty. Oftener it is the pure cussedness of the village boy who ravages hedgerow and coppice of every berry or nut he can lay destroying hands upon. Village children now and then fall victims to a love for bright berries (a knowledge of wild plants not being one of their board school subjects); fortunately that most dangerous of all, the deadly nightshade, is rare. This handsome, luscious-looking fruit, not unlike a cherry, is apt to prove irresistible to a juvenile appetite, with fatal results. Another allied plant,

woody nightshade, also possesses berries, but they are neither so fascinating nor so perilous.

Bryony, whose berries are left clinging to hazel and oak long after the leaves have perished, is another beautiful plant of ill fame. It is highly ornamental from the time when, in May, the shining bronze-green heart-shaped leaves unfold to climb among their taller neighbours, to late November or December, when at last the brilliant berries (varying in colour from pale yellow to red, even on each stalk) disappear; but it is with a lurid and baneful beauty it shines, and even the birds wisely leave this meretricious fruit severely alone.

"Sloes austere" are no longer despised and neglected, but find a beneficent vocation in imparting a piquancy to gin—the resulting compound, sloe-gin, being one of the most stimulating and comforting of "nips" on a cold winter's day, when it is highly appreciated by huntsmen. Wine of elderberries, once greatly esteemed, is not so often seen now, though it is sometimes darkly whispered that we still imbibe a considerable amount, but call it port. Well-made elderberry wine is a warming cordial by no means to be

lightly esteemed. It is a pity all the old-fashioned cordials, elder, cowslip, and currant wines, and metheglin (made of honey), as well as the herb teas, which, if not very palatable were at least harmless medicines, have, even in rural districts, given place to grocers' cheap wines and chemists' quack remedies.

A common hedgerow bush in some districts is the wild guelder rose; it is very noticeable in the fall of the year, not only because of its bright red berries, that look as if made of coloured glass, but also for the leaves, which attain a brightness in decay quite unlike the sober tints of most English trees. We must go to the sylvan groves of the New World to see how courageously leaves can meet the inevitable end in brightest tints and gay apparel, like that dauntless Israelitish queen of old who prepared for the coming of her conquering foe by "painting her face and tiring her hair."

"And the leaves all tired of blowing,
Cloudlike o'er the sun,
Change to sunset colours, knowing
That their day is done."

THE MISSUS'S CHAIR.

By M. E. FRANCIS.

WHEN the congregation of St. Mary's Church, Thornleigh, came gaily forth on Christmas Day, pausing in the porch and on the steps, and almost blocking the gateway as they exchanged cheery greetings and good wishes with friends and neighbours, old Joe Makin loitered behind. He spoke to no one, scarcely venturing to show himself, it would appear, till the merry groups had dispersed, and the last gleeful youngster had come clattering down from his place in the choir, and scampered off to join the family circle.

When all at length was still, Joe came slowly out, pulling his hat-brim down over his eyes and looking neither to right nor to left. Instead of, however, descending the steps that led to the lych-gate, he went hobbling round to the rear of the church, and paused before one of the graves.

The headstone bore the name of Annie, only child of Joseph and Mary Makin, and recorded her death as having taken place at a date full thirty-five years distant. Lower down was another inscription in memory of the aforesaid Mary Makin, who had departed this life, it seemed, but a few months before that very Christmas Day.

Joe looked round to assure himself that no one was in sight, and then, stooping stiffly, endeavoured to brush away with his hand the slight sprinkling of snow which had fallen on the little mound. Drawing a pair of scissors from his capacious pocket, he clipped the grass here and there where it had grown rank, muttering to himself the while.

"Tisn't much harm, I don't think—nay, it canna be much harm, though it is Christmas Day, just to fettle it up a bit for our Mary. Hoo allus liked everything gradely—eh, that hoo did. Now, hoo must have a bit o' green to mak' her know 'tis Christmas—ah, and the little 'un too. Annie shall have a sprig wi' some pratty berries on't."

He took from beneath his coat two sprigs of holly, and after some difficulty succeeded in sticking them upright into the half-frozen ground, the larger one at the head of the grave, the smaller, all gay with red berries, at the foot.

"Theer, owd lass!" he said, straightening himself at last, "thou shall have a bit o' green at head o' thy bed same as ever—eh, I could wish I were a-layin' theer aside o' thee! Canst thou see the berries, little wench, wheer thou art, up yon? Well; I mun be off a-whoam now. Eh, but the grave looks gradely!"

Somewhat comforted by this reflection, he turned about and set off homewards.

There were few loafers in the village street; everyone was indoors either preparing for, or already partaking of, the Christmas dinner. When Lancashire folks make merry they like, as they say, to have plenty "to mak' merry wi'." For weeks, nay months, past thrifty housewives had been looking forward to this day, and not a little self-denial had been practised in order to ensure the keeping of it with becoming lavishness. From every house as Joe went by issued sounds of cheerful bustle, jests and laughter; he could see the firelight glancing on the window-panes, and catch glimpses of wonderful decorations in the way of cut paper and greenery. Here and there a little head would be pressed against the shining pane to watch for some belated guest; now and again he would hear a greeting exchanged between one and another: "Merry Christmas, owd lad!" "The same to you, mon!" And then the chairs would draw up, and there would be a clatter of plates, and a very babel of acclamations would declare the goose or the bit o' beef to be the finest that ever was seen. Joe was going to have a goose for his Christmas dinner: he had always subscribed to a goose club in his Missus's time, and he had not yet learned to get into new ways; but the thought of that goose, of which he was to partake in absolute solitude served but to increase his melancholy.

Poor Mary! How she would have enjoyed it—and she lay yonder in the cold ground!

When he arrived at his cottage he took the door-key from its usual hiding-place behind the loose brick under the ivy, and let himself in.

Widow Prescott, who "did for him" now, had made everything ready before she had taken her departure for her own home. A savoury smell came from the oven where the goose and the pudding (sent as usual from the Hall) were keeping hot; the cloth was laid, the hearth swept up; the good woman had even garnished the place with a sprig of green here and there; but the table was laid for one, and the Missus's chair stood against the wall. Joe stood still and looked at it, slowly shaking his head.

"Eh, theer it stands," he said, speaking aloud, according to his custom, "theer it stands. Eh dear! an' her and me have sat facin' each other for such a many years. And theer's the cheer empty—and here am I all by myself—and it's Christmas Day!"

He wiped his eyes and shook his head again; then he slowly divested himself of his hat and coat, which he hung up behind the door, set the goose and potatoes on the table, and sat down.

"For what we are about to receive—" began Joe, dismally, and then he suddenly got on to his feet again. "I'll have that cheer at the table as how 'tis," said he, and hobbled across the floor towards it.

As though struck by a sudden thought, he continued in an altered voice: "Pull up, Missus; draw a bit nearer, lass. That's it; now we's get to work."

He dragged the chair over to the table, and set a plate in front of it, and a knife and fork, and reached down a cup from the dresser.

"We's have a cup o' tea just now," said he; "thou allus liked a cup o' tea to thy dinner."

Returning to his place he sat down once more.

"I'll mak' shift to think thou's theer," he said. "I'll happen be able to eat a bit if I can fancy thou's theer. I reckon thou'st very like to be near me somewhere, owd lass—thou an' me, as was never parted for a day for nigh upon forty year—tisn't very like as thou'd let me keep Christmas all by myself."

He was so busy talking to himself that he did not notice that the latch of the house-door, which opened directly into the place, was lifted as though by a hesitating hand, and that the door itself was softly pushed a very little way open.

Taking up the carving-knife, he cut a slice from the breast of the goose.

"Wilt have a bit?" he asked, looking towards the empty chair.

"Yes, please," said a little voice behind him. The door was opened and closed again, and small feet came patterning hastily across the floor.

Joe dropped the knife and fork and looked round; a small figure stood at his elbow, a dimpled face, surmounted by a very mop of yellow curls, was eagerly lifted to meet his gaze.

"Hullo!" cried Joe.

"Hullo!" echoed the little creature, and then catching hold of his sleeve, the child added in a tone of delighted anticipation. "Please, I could like a bit."

"Why, whose little lass are you?" enquired the old man. "And what brings ye out on Christmas Day? Why, thou'st starved wi' cowd—an' never a hat a-top of all they curls, an' no so much as a bit of a shawl to hap thee round. What's thy name, my wench?"

"Jinny, please, Mr. Makin," announced she, "Jinny Frith I am John Frith's little lass—John o' Joe's, ye know."

"I know," said he; "and what brings ye out in the cowd?"

Here the little face became overcast, and the little lip drooped.

"Mother put me in the wash-house," said she. "Hoo wouldn't let me sit at table—hoo put me in the wash-house—and I saw your fire shinin' through the window, and I thought I'd ax ye to let me come in and warm mysel'."

"Well, an' so I will!" returned Joe, heartily. "Put ye in the wash-house, did hoo? Well, and that's a tale Hoo's thy stepmother, isn't hoo? Ah, I mind it now; I mind hearin' thy feyther 'ad getten a new wife."

Jinny nodded. "An' a lot o' new childer!" she announced. "There's Tommy an' Teddy an' Maggie an' Pollie. Mother brought 'em all wi' her."

"Ah, hoo was a widow, was hoo?" queried Joe, interested.

"An' there's *quite* a new baby," continued Jinny, opening her eyes wide, "a new little wee baby. That's my own sister. Hoo's so bonny nobbut when hoo cries. It cried jest now, along 'me makin' a noise, and mother was some mad."

"Well, but your mother didn't ought to have put ye in the wash-house for all that," returned Joe. "You didn't go for to wakken the babby a-purpose. Theer, coom nigh the fire and warm thyself a bit. Eh, what little cowd hands. What's that heer on thy arm?"

Jinny turned her chubby arm and examined the mark reflectively.

"I know!" she cried, "'twas where mother hit me with a spoon yesterday. I wer' reachin' for the sugar."

"Hoo hit ye, did hoo?" cried Joe, with a sort of roar. "My word! the woman mun ha' a hard heart to hit a little lass same as thee. What was feyther doing, eh?"

"Feyther was eatin' his breakfast," responded Jinny. "He said hoo didn't ought to hit me; and then hoo got agate o' bargin' at him."

"Well, well," commented Joe, who had been chafing the little cold hands throughout the recital, "the poor man's pretty well moidered, I reckon. But coom! the goose 'ull soon be as cowd as thee if we don't give over talkin' an' start eatin'. Thou'd like a bit o' goose, wouldn't thou?"

"Eh, I would!" cried Jinny, with such whole-souled earnestness that he laughed again.

Breaking from him, she clambered into the chair opposite to his own—poor Mary's chair. And there she sat, her feet a long way from the floor; but the better able on that account to give certain little kicks to the table in token of ecstasy.

Joe looked across at her; how strange to see that chubby face and golden head in the place of the kindly wrinkled countenance which had so often smiled affectionately back at him from between the closely pleated frills of Mary's antiquated cap. But the chair was no longer empty, and, though Joe sighed as he took up his knife and fork, he thought that the tangible vision of the expectant little face was, on the whole, more conducive to dispel loneliness than the most determined attempts at make-believe.

"Hoo's not theer," he muttered; "hoo'll never be theer no more, but it's a good job as yon little lass chanced to look in—'tis better nor the wash-house for the little thing, as how 'tis."

Who shall say how Jinny revelled in the goose, and the stuffing, and the apple-sauce—particularly in the apple-sauce? It was pleasant to see the solemnity with which she presently selected the biggest potato in the dish, and, sliding down from her chair, marched round the table to bestow it on her host.

"You deserve it," said she, with a quaintly condescending air, "you are so good. Besides, you are the owdest," she added, as an after-thought.

"Well, to be sure!" ejaculated Joe, leaning back in his chair the better to clap his hands.

Then, of course, Jinny was obliged to peel the potato for Joe and to cut it up for him; she would, in fact, have liked to feed him had not a timely suggestion as to the advisability of continuing her own dinner recalled her attention to that very important matter.

When the pudding came she insisted on measuring plates to make quite sure that Joe was not defrauding himself of any portion of his just share, and was altogether so judicious and patronising, not to say motherly, that the old man partook of the repast to an accompaniment of perpetual chuckles. His delight was greatest, perhaps, when Jinny insisted on "siding" the dinner things at the conclusion of the meal, a task which she accomplished with most business-like dexterity. One by one she carried away dishes and plates—having first taken the precaution of setting the buttery door ajar—then she swept up the floor and folded the cloth, in a somewhat lop-sided manner, it must be owned, but with an air which left no doubt of her own consciousness of efficiency.

"I'll wash-up by and by," she remarked, as she returned to Joe's side.

"Eh, we'll not ax thee to do that," replied he. "Thou art a wonderful little lass, thou art for sure! And nobbut six. Thou's a gradely headpiece under they curls o' thine."

"My curls is all comin' off," remarked Jinny, with a little toss of the head that carried them.

"What!" cried Joe, almost jumping from his chair.

"Mother's goin' to cut them all off," explained the child. "They take such a time brushin' out, and sometimes hoo pulls 'em an' hoo's vexed when I cry. So hoo says off they must come. Daddy axed hoo to leave 'em till Christmas, but I 'spect hoo'll have 'em off to-morrow."

"Well, that beats all!" cried Joe, as profoundly moved with indignation as though the decree had gone forth that Jinny must lose her head instead of her hair. "I should think that any woman as is a woman, or, for the matter o' that, anybody wi' a heart in their breast, ought to be glad and proud to comb out they curls! For the matter o' that, I'd be willin' to comb 'em out mysel', if that's all the trouble. Coom over here of a mornin', my wench, with thy brush an' comb, and I'll see to thee."

"Will ye, Mr. Makin?" said Jinny, clapping her hands. "Eh, ye are good! Didn't I say ye was good? The goodest mon—I—ever—did—see," she added with emphasis. "I wish I was your little lass," she remarked, after a pause.

"Do ye?" returned Joe, setting aside the pipe which he had been about to fill, and drawing her towards him. "Ye'd never like to live wi' an owd mon same as me," he pursued, in a hesitating tone. "Nay, of course ye wouldn't; ye'd be awful dull."

Jinny shook her head till her curls made a yellow nimbus. "I wouldn't!" she cried, with emphasis. "I'd love to live here with you, Mr. Makin. You'd be my daddy then, wouldn't ye? Were you ever a daddy, Mr. Makin?"

"A long time ago," said Joe, "I had a little lass o' my own, and she'd curly hair mich same as thine, and bonny blue e'en. Her little bed is up yon in the top chamber."

"If I was your little lass I could sleep in her little bed, couldn't I?" returned Jinny, who was a practical young person. "Daddy's got a lot of new childer, and I would like to have a new daddy. I'd like you for my daddy, Mr. Makin," she insisted.

"Well," returned Joe, uplifting her dimpled chin with his rugged forefinger, "'tis a notion, that—I reckon I could do wi' thee very well."

"I'd sleep—in—that—little—bed—up—yon," resumed Jinny in a sort of chant; "and—I'd—sit—in—this—here—chair!"

With some difficulty she dragged over the Missus's chair to the opposite side of the hearth, and climbed into it. There she sat, with her curly head leaning against the back, a little hand on each of its wooden arms, and her chubby legs dangling. It was the Missus's chair, but Joe did not chide the presumptuous little occupant. On the contrary, he gave a sort of one-sided nod at her, and winked with both eyes together.

"Now you are as grand as the Queen!" said he.

While they were chuckling together over this sally there came a sound of hasty steps without, followed by a knock on the door; and John Frith thrust in his head.

"Eh, thou'rt theer!" he cried. "My word, Jinny, what a fright thou's gi'en me. I thought thou was lost."

Joe removed his pipe from his mouth, and gazed at the newcomer sternly.

"Hoo's here reet enough," he returned. "Sit still, Jinny," as the child, abashed, began to get down from the chair; "thou's no need to stir. Coom in if ye are coomin', John," he added, over his shoulder, "an' shut yon door. The wind blows in strong enough to send us up the chimbley—Jinny and me."

John obediently closed the door and came forward. He was a big, loose-limbed, good-natured-looking fellow, without much headpiece, the neighbours said, but with his heart in the right place. As he now advanced, his face wore an expression half of amusement, half of concern.

"Eh! who'd ever ha' thought of her runnin' off here?" he ejaculated. "Theer's sich a to-do at our place as never was. Some on 'em thought hoo'd fallen down the well. Eh, Jinny, thou'l catch it from mother! Why didn't thou stop i' th' wash-house?"

Jinny began to whimper, but before she could reply Joe Makin took up the cudgels in her defence.

"Stop i' the wash-house indeed!" cried he. "You did ought to be ashamed o' yo'rself, John Frith. Stop i' th' wash-house on Christmas Day to be starved wi' cowd an' clemmed wi' hunger! I dunno how you can call thyself a mon an' say sich a thing—you as is her feyther an' all!"

"Eh, dear o' me," cried John, "tis enough to drive a mon distracted what wi' one thing an' what wi' another. I ax nought but a quiet life. Jinny, hoo woke the babby, and the missus, hoo got in one of her tantrums, an' the childer was all fightin' an' skrikkin', an' the whole place upside down—eh, theer's too many on 'em yonder, an' that's the truth! But if I say a word hoo's down on me."

"You're a gradely fool to ston' it, then!" retorted Joe. "The mon should be gaffer in his own house."

"Oh, I don't say but what he ought to be," responded John, with a sheepish smile, "but 'tis easier said than done, mon. I weren't a-goin' to leave the little lass in the

wash-house," he added in an explanatory tone, "I were goin' to let her out reet enough on the quiet. I'd saved a bit o' dinner for her, too—"

"Oh, ye had, had ye?" interrupted Joe, ironically. "Coom now, that's summat! You weren't goin' to let her clem on Christmas Day? Well done! 'Twas actin' like a mon, that was—ye may be proud o' that, John. I tell ye what," cried Joe, thumping the table, "since ye tak' no more thought for your own flesh an' blood nor that, ye may mak' a present o' the little lass to me."

"Mak' a present!" stammered the other, staring at him.

"Ah!" returned Joe, sternly; "you don't vally her no more nor if hoo wer' an owd dishclout—lettin' her be thrown out in the wash-house an' all—but I'm made different. Your house is too full, ye say; well, mine's empty—awful empty," he added, with something like a groan. "Theer's too many on yo' at your place; well, then, I'll take Jinny off ye."

John still stared at him without speaking, and Joe continued vehemently.

"I say I'll take her off yo'. There'll 'appen be more peace at yo'r place when the little wench is out o' the road; an' they curls o' hers may stop on her head, instead o' being cut off an' thrown in the midden—an' if hoo axes for a bit o' sugar hoo shan't get hit wi' a spoon. Theer now!" he summed up sternly.

John scratched his head and reflected. Jinny was his own flesh and blood, and he loved her after his fashion; but no doubt things were very uncomfortable at home, and if she were not there, there was likely to be more peace. His

missus, though not a cruel woman, was inclined to be hard on the child who was not her own. Jinny would certainly be happier away. If Joe really meant what he said, he might be worth hearkening to.

"Ye seem to have taken a wonderful fancy to the little lass," he said, hesitatingly; "hoo's a good little lass enough, but—I reckon you're laughin' at me."

"I wer' never more in earliest i' my life," said Joe. "Coom, it mun be one way or t'other. Mun I have her?"

"Oh, you can have her reet enough!" returned the father, with a shamefaced laugh. "Would ye like to live here, Jinny?"

"Eh, I would!" she cried. "Eb, that I would! He shall be my new daddy."

A pang shot through her own father's heart.

"An' ye'll think no more o' the owd one now, I reckon," he said.

Jinny looked from one to the other quickly.

"Two daddies!" she said, emphatically, adding after pause, "Two daddies and no mother—that's what I'd like."

"Poor little lass!" said John, with something like a groan. "I reckon thou would; I doubt I can't blame thee."

"'Tis settled, then—I can keep her?" cried Joe, eagerly.

"Ah," returned John, backing towards the door, "'tis reet—ye can keep her."

As the door closed behind him Jinny returned to her big elbow chair, and, once more taking possession to it, folded her hands on her lap, and announced triumphantly that she was the little Missus.

"Bless thy bonny face," cried Joe, "and so thou art!"

OLD BUSINESS CARDS.

COLLECTIONS have been made of many kinds of artistic, useful, and quaint objects, but the hobby of bringing together old business cards has attracted few admirers. Probably the most complete collection of the kind was that made by a sister of a famous President of the Royal Society between about the years 1780 and 1815, and the perusal of its thousands of specimens affords ample food for instruction and amusement. In the cards the life and manners of a century ago seem vividly portrayed and invested with surprising interest. With their aid we appear able to pass in and out of the old-fashioned shops, and mingle with the old-time commerce in quite an intimate manner.

Among the very numerous tradesmen we find lamplighters



*Waithman & Bristow
Wholesale and Retail
LINEN DRAPERS.
Corner of New Bridge St., Fleet St., 1799*

("in the English or French method"), skeleton makers ("H. Longbottom, Southwark, makes and sells Skeletons of different sizes and both sexes"), fireworkers, horse milliners, hawkers, E. O. table makers, bathing machine proprietors, corn cutters and nail operators, smugglers, pilots, rag-dealers, bricklayers, artificial florists, archery implement-makers, shorthand writers, sedan chair-makers, dog doctors, bird merchants, and hundreds of others.

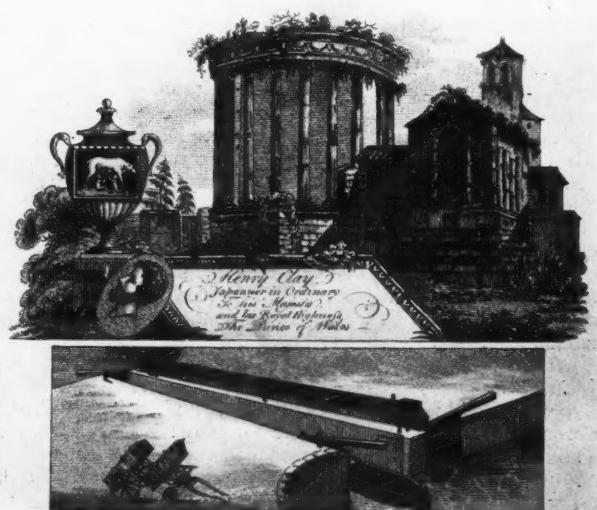
The decoration of the cards attracts attention, for most of the designs are skilfully engraved on copper. Some are curious, others artistic, and, again, others are instructive. The work of some of the best artists of the day is to be recognised, though the cards were frequently unsigned. A. and C. Blyth, drapers, of 116, Aldersgate Street, decorated their card with Romney's portrait of Lady Hamilton ("The Spinstress"), the engraving

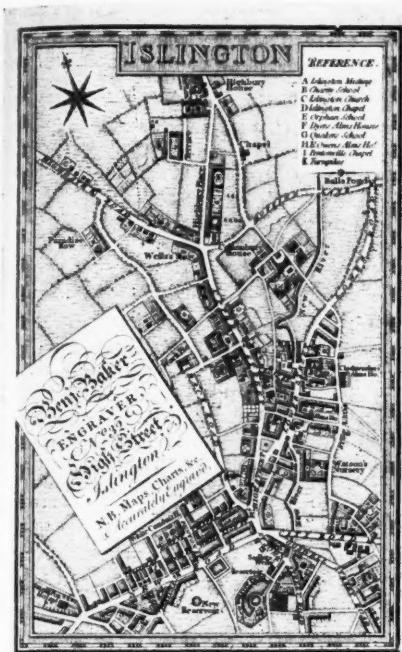
of which, by Thomas Cheesman, is one of the most coveted at the present day; and J. F. Hughes, bookseller, of Wigmore Street, gives a seated figure of a lady in an apartment, reading, drawn by the popular artist, Adam Buck, and beautifully printed in colours.

Paul Sandby, the artist, gave on his card a pretty aquatinted view of Tyburn Gate, with the surrounding country, and issued it from St. George's Row, Oxford Turnpike, Hyde Park; J. M. Barrelet, drawing-master, portrayed a scene down the Thames, with St. Paul's in the distance; and Sawyer, jun., of Dean Street, Soho, showed Hollar's view of London from the top of Arundel House. Many of the cards give views of shops and houses, and from them one might almost reconstruct some of the fashionable West End thoroughfares as they appeared at the end of the eighteenth century. The reproduction here given of the premises of Waithman and Bristow, linen-drapers, that formed the corner of New Bridge Street and Fleet Street in 1799, will serve as an example.

Some innkeepers gave views of their inns (Dudley and Palmer, in doing so in 1788, described theirs as "The only Hotel in Birmingham"), others depicted coaches or post-chaises, others gave maps of the country round about; Lawrence of Shrewsbury gave a plan of the road from London to Holyhead; and the Royal Hotel, New South-End, Essex (in 1814), announced that "South-End is no more than 42 miles distant from London, from whence a stage-coach arrives every day."

Shorthand writers decorated their cards with winged pens; hair-dressers with combs, brushes, and scissors; writing-masters with caligraphic flourishes; undertakers with groups of mutes or funeral processions; and John Devine, "Dealer in Rags," near





"Peter Hemet, Senr., Sworn Servant in Ordinary to His Majesty King George the Second, Operator for the Teeth"; John Smoker of Brighton (1791), "Bather to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales"; Henry Meekings, Charles Street, St. James's Square (1811), "Oyster Purveyor to the Princess Charlotte and the Duke of York"; and a maker of lozenges (1803) went so far as to give a picture of "His Majesty on the Esplanade at Weymouth graciously accepting a box of Ching's Patent Worm Lozenges, which was presented to him as a Valuable Medecine."

Among the cards of novelties and inventions are to be found: Richard Reeve, Engraver and Publisher, Vere Street, Bond Street (1810), "Inventor of the Imitations of Stained Glass"; Beale of Margate (1769), "The Inventor of the Bathing Machine"; and William Reeve (1796), "Inventor of Superfine Water Colours in Cakes." We also find: "New Invented Parlour Telescope Toasting Fork"; "Patent Propelling Shafts [attached to the rear of vehicles] whereby horses are enabled to act behind as well as before the load"; and "Patent Stirrups to prevent a rider from being dragged along the ground."

Of advertisement puffs may be mentioned: Romanis (1801), a stocking manufacturer of Leadenhall Street, "Where the Public may be supplied for Ready Money . . . better and cheaper than anywhere in London"; and Mrs. Sowden, a masquerade provider, of Gerrard Street, Soho, who gives some lines of doggerel, commencing:

"Come ye Sons of Glee and Fun,
See all other Shops outdone."



Westminster Abbey, with carefully-engraved masonic emblems, and figures of Faith, Hope, Justice, Charity, etc. Grocers showed home-coming ships laden with goods, and Anthony Schick, a coffee merchant of 25, Gracechurch Street (1812), gave an emblematical subject, entitled "Britannia lending a helping hand to her Colonies."

One could make an almost complete list of tradesmen patronised by Royalty; and besides the usual ones are: Grainger, "Purveyor of Birds to H.R.H. George Prince of Wales";



Cards of educational establishments are numerous, and with them are some reward certificates—"Temoignages de la Diligence." On one of these is the inspiring motto:

"Le chagrin très souvent naît de l'inaction,
Sachez le prévenir par l'occupation."

And now a paragraph in which interesting or amusing items may be enumerated. Mr. Hahn, in Old Bolton Street, Long Acre, announced "Sweating, Bathing, and Cupping, after the Best Manner, at Half-a-Crown." "Fire and Light!! Quickly produced, by means of a new and cheap Pocket Instrument, without the use of Flint and Steel, or that dangerous combustible, Phosphorus!!" (1812). "Every one his own Dentist. For the Benefit of Mankind. The only remedy in the World"—a tincture to be obtained at 54, Wells Street, Oxford Street, at 2s. 9d. a bottle. "W. Bromet, Fleet Street. Lemonade Powder to make Ladies' Beverages." "A. Clark Waits on Families in Town and Country with Tea and Stockings" (1788). Samuel Brown "Biscuit Powder for Children's Victuals" (1788). Sea Water Baths, Newgate Street, "A vessel is constantly kept going to and from the Ocean to Blackfriars Bridge carrying sea water." "Gunter, Confectioner, 31, New Bond Street. From Mr. Negris [1787], Supplies Routs with Orangeade, Lemonade, Orgeat, and Biscuits." Gunter's card of the following year describes him as "Confectioner to the Duke of Gloucester." And so one might continue if space permitted.

Most of the cards here reproduced can be left to tell their own story. Perhaps the most important to lovers of colour prints is that of Gamble of 127, Pall Mall, who claims to be the "Inventor of Printing in Colours" (1783). This card and a number of others

are exceedingly tasteful specimens of colour printing. The one headed "The Original Circulating Library, Tunbridge Wells," was engraved by John Girtin, brother of the famous water-colour painter, who published Thomas Girtin's "Views of Paris." Another interesting specimen is the card of H. Repton, landscape gardener and surveyor, who "invented perspective moveable sketches to represent effects before they were really produced." Benj Baker's card shows an admirable map of Islington as it appeared in the year 1793. J. Yeoman's is given for its artistic qualities. It was engraved by Skelton from a



drawing by Ryley, and both these artists are esteemed for their excellent work.

The space allotted by the Editor has been more than filled, and it has only been possible to touch the fringe of this fascinating subject.

ALFRED WHITMAN.

ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE.

MR. W. J. COURTHOPE has now arrived at a most interesting period in his work, "The History of English Poetry" (Macmillan), Vols. I., II., III., IV. After tracing through all its mazes the development of the various sides of English literature from its earliest sources, he has come at last to the greatest man of letters England has produced, in the person of William Shakespeare. But before considering the great dramatist he has an interesting chapter on the epic and lyric elements. English literature has never before been treated in so philosophic a spirit. It is incontestable that the "Zeit-Geist" rules the mood of literature, and in Elizabethan days the energy and spirit of an awakening England are reflected. It was the period of romance in life, and it naturally followed that the literature produced was romantic too. The prose, as well as the verse, of those days carries its own hall-mark with it, and has a richness and a fulness which are the peculiar property of the time. Of course it led to reaction. Spiritual movements appear to have their ebb and flow, just as the ocean has. Following the seventeenth century came the eighteenth with its materialism and lucidity, so that in it prose reached its high-water mark, as poetry had in the day of Shakespeare. The great names we associate with it are either prose-writers, like Fielding and Swift and Sterne, or poets whose virtues are those of the proseman, such as Dryden and Pope, whereas in the seventeenth century Shakespeare is the centre round which great dramatists are clustered—Beaumont and Fletcher, Marlowe, Massinger and Ford.

England even then, as Mr. Courthope truly says, was becoming anti-Catholic, and the freedom of mind germinated by Protestantism sent Englishmen travelling all over the world, where they imbibed doctrines foreign to them, and studied strange customs with unsurpassable zest. There was an Italian proverb at the time, "Inglese Italianato, diavolo incarnato," and, as Mr. Courthope points out, this enfranchisement of thought was closely linked with a most ardent patriotism. You have it coming out over and over again in Shakespeare, and Mr. Courthope tries to find it—though, as we think, in vain—in Christopher Marlowe. Poor Kit was one of those doomed to sit eternally on the opposition benches. He was a rebel no less against the religious thought than against the literary conventions of his time. His "Tamburlaine," his "Edward II.," and his "Massacre at Paris," whatever improbabilities they may contain, show that, like every great writer, he had made his own convention, and was indifferent to that of others. Mr. Courthope thinks that Greene's "conception of romance gives his drama more human interest than Marlowe's," but we do not agree with him. If human interest is a thing to be judged of by the reader, it is certainly true that one can take up Marlowe ten times for once that Greene would yield any satisfaction. These, however, were the forerunners of Shakespeare, and prepared the way for him. In the appreciation of Shakespeare the critic is brought to the supreme test of his capacity, and much as we admire Mr. Courthope, we do not feel at all sure that he emerges in triumph. The one faculty that makes Shakespeare greater dramatically than any other writer is, in our opinion, his mental detachment. He possessed to the fullest degree that artistic indifference which Goethe commended. To read his plays carefully is to see that he wasted no special admiration on his



virtuous characters. Iago is presented with as much sympathy as Othello. Shakespeare entered with as full a heart into the melancholy of Jacques as into the gross humours of Falstaff. The fact is, that virtue and vice, and goodness and badness, are words absolutely without meaning to the true artist. He holds the mirror up to Nature, and what is there he reflects in his pages; but should he dare to admire one quality more than another, there will be a corresponding loss of balance in the picture. As far as literary art is concerned, Caliban is as important and as admirable as Prospero. It is well enough for an audience in a provincial theatre to applaud the hero and hiss the villain, but to the creative imagination the one is just the same as the other. The artist sits, as it were, apart and aloft from the life that he has passed through, and all that crowd which makes up the world passes before

him like a pageant to which he is indifferent. One face may be full of laughter, and another wet with tears; one pair of eyes fixed on the dust and another ever gazing at the stars; one mind concentrated on material greed, another throbbing ever to "the still sad music of humanity." But to the artist they are all the same; mere figures in his landscape; part of the picture he wishes to paint; one as valuable as another. We scarcely think that Mr. Courthope appreciates this fundamental fact. In his analysis of the plays he is much too intent on seeking for morals and "lines of thought," and other matters that concern the philosopher much more than the artist. Greene's jeer about Shakespeare being a jackdaw decked out with the feathers of his contemporaries was that of a lesser writer who did not understand the comprehensive and apprehending mind of the master, while a hundred passages might be quoted to show that Shakespeare had a perfectly just estimation of contemporary writers. That famous speech of Pistol's exactly pierces the weakness of Marlowe:

"These be good humours, indeed!
Shall packhorses
And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty mile a-day,
Compare with Caesars, and with
Cannibals,
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn
them with
King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?"

Again, Llyl is a *reductio ad absurdum* in the inimitable scene at the Boar's Head, where Falstaff enacts the part of King Hal's father:

"Peace, good pint-pot; peace,
good tickle-brain. Harry, I do not only
marvel where thou spendest thy time,
but also how thou art accompanied:
for though the camomile, the more it
is trodden on the faster it grows, yet
youth, the more it is wasted the sooner
it wears. That thou art my son, I
have partly thy mother's word, partly
my own opinion, but chiefly the

villainous trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point; why being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now do I speak to thee not in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous man in thy company, and I know not his name."

It is tempting to dwell on the mind that sympathised equally with the gross humours of Falstaff and the delicate Pucks and ARIELS, but Shakespeare has been so much written about that we pass on to the question of the drama's decline. In 1579 the potency of the stage was described by John Northbrooke, a Bristol minister, in these words: "They shame not to say and affirm openly that plays are as good as sermons, and that they learn as much or more at a play, than they do at God's word preached." But even then the reaction had begun, and in 1625, the first year of the reign of Charles I., an Act was passed against the use of unlawful exercises on the Sabbath, and among

unlawful exercises were classed interludes and common plays. In 1583 Stubbs had said of plays, they tend "to the dishonour of God and nourishing of vice." This under-current of hostility went on until the Puritans succeeded in closing the theatres, and actors taking part in a play were made liable to fine and imprisonment for the first, and to a whipping for the second, offence. When the drama was revived again in the hands of Dryden, it was changed altogether, becoming partly a mere imitation of Shakespeare, and partly a reflection of the more prosaic age that had followed the romantic Elizabethan era. We see in it the beginning of that decay which, practically speaking, has gone on until the present day. There was abundant cleverness in the time of the Restoration. Congreve, Vanbrugh, and their contemporaries had wit, vivacity, and go of all sorts, but they failed in the passion and the strength that had raised the Elizabethan drama above that of every other time and every other nation. The quotation which Mr. Courthope makes from "The Provoked Wife" illustrates better than any disquisition all the decay in ideality that, like dry rot, had begun to attack the writers of that time. We give it as a closing

extract, for the fourth volume finishes with Dryden and the Romantic Drama:

"LADY BRUTE. They (men) most of them think there is no such thing as virtue considered in the strictest notions of it; and therefore when you hear 'em say, such a one is a woman of reputation, they only mean she's a woman of discretion. For they consider we have no more religion than they have, nor so much morality; and between you and I, Belinda, I'm afraid the want of inclination seldom protects any of us."

BELINDA. But what do you think of the fear of being found out?

LADY BRUTE. I think that never kept any woman virtuous long. We are not such cowards neither. No: let us once pass fifteen, and we have too good an opinion of our own cunning to believe the world can penetrate what we could keep a secret. And so, in short, we cannot blame the men for judging us by themselves."

It ought to be added that though the book is open to some criticisms in point of detail, and although much of it lends itself to argument and discussion, the author has made a very thorough study of his subject. He has set forth his conclusions with a lucidity of expression and a finish of style that will be a delight to those who love good writing.

THE ORANGERY GARDEN, KENSINGTON

THE announcement made at the end of November by H.M.'s Office of Works that they intend to remove the collection of broken-down greenhouses and forcing frames, which have so long disgraced and disfigured the area of Kensington Gardens lying just in front of the windows of the Palace, and to build new modern ones in a more suitable position in Hyde Park, will be cordially welcomed by all who are interested in the improvement of the Royal and public gardens and parks of London.

It was inevitable that the indications of the enclosure, for this purpose, of some three acres of grass land between the Police barracks and the Magazine, should have aroused the suspicions of some vigilant guardian of the public interest, who forthwith was led to address a vigorous letter of protest to the *Times* against the threatened "serious encroachment." All reasonable anxiety, however, as to the wisdom of what was being done, must have been allayed by the official assurances, promptly afforded, that the spot in question, which is being excavated for the new greenhouses, will be surrounded by gently-sloped embankments, covered with turf, and planted with trees and shrubs, which will effectually screen anything unsightly

within the space enclosed. In return, the area now occupied by the old houses will be laid out as a garden and thrown open to the public.

There is no question that this decision is one which is to be commended in every way. The only wonder is that such great disfigurements as these dirty, tumble-down old sheds and frames should have been tolerated in such a position so long. This particular spot is the very last—one would have supposed—which should have been pitched on for such a purpose, being exactly under the windows of the State apartments and opposite to that masterpiece of garden architecture, Queen Anne's orangery, built for her by Sir Christopher Wren.

Since the restoration of the State rooms of the Palace and of the orangery, and their being opened to the public in 1899 by command of the late Queen, in celebration of her eightieth birthday, the retention of this piece of ground for such base uses became more and more indefensible and intolerable; and, had it not been for the war, it is more than probable that it would have been long since cleared and improved.

The question as to how the ground is now to be laid out is perhaps a rather more debatable one. Are we to have here



AN OLD PLAN OF KENSINGTON GARDENS.

once more one of those tedious repetitions of the banal mid-nineteenth century landscape-gardening style, to which we are treated with tasteless monotony in all the parks and gardens of London, or will the First Commissioner and the Office of Works be bold and enterprising enough to treat this spot as it obviously ought to be treated, that is to say, in harmony with the architectural style of the Palace and orangery, to which it is an appanage, and lay it out, as it originally was, as a formal garden?

This suggestion is not a new one. It was originally urged by Mr. Ernest Law, when the public opening of the State rooms took place in 1899, in his little book on the Palace and gardens. The spot, as he then pointed out, is an ideal one for "an old-fashioned sunk formal garden, with such quaint devices as clipped shrubs, trimmed box, figured beds, sundials, and leaden vases"—such as yet survive in many an old country house.

The fact that the ground to be laid out lies exactly to the south of the terrace or platform of the orangery, and that the ground slopes away from it, suggest at once the treatment it demands.

Whether the public should be admitted to walk in an old-fashioned sunk garden of this sort as well as to look into it, is a question which is not to be decided off-hand. For ourselves, we think there is much to be said for the arrangement which prevails at Hampton Court, where Henry VIII.'s famous Tudor garden, and other similar small walled and enclosed parterres, have not their picturesqueness marred by crowds of tourists walking about in them, but are kept closed to the visitor, who is quite content to view them like vigneted pictures—as it were—through espalier arches, or gates and grilles of wrought iron. Such gardens thus preserve their air of calm seclusion and repose, which are among their chief attractions.



M. Emil Frechon.

IN THE HOUR OF REST.

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COVERT-SHOOTING AT BEESTON.

THE day's sport on Mr. Gurney Buxton's shooting at Beeston here illustrated took place on November 5th. The ground lies to the north of Norwich, and the partridge land is entirely arable, on a good soil well farmed. But by an obliging habit which the Beeston partridges have acquired, they are also fond of lying in the coverts, to such an extent that in the good year of 1897 seventy-four brace of partridges were killed in one day's covert-shooting, and sixty brace on another. Before dealing with the November pheasant-shooting of the present year, as illustrated here, some notes on the partridge averages, as observed in various seasons' driving by Mr. Gurney Buxton, may be of interest to those who accept

proposed. No doubt someone will in time discover a method whereby partridges may be bred and reared under the eyes of a watchful keeper; but, as we have said, no such system has yet stood the test of time, though many which seem perfect theoretically have been suggested. Many owners of big sporting estates will be compelled to try experiments to increase the head of game on their land in the coming season, and it is greatly to be hoped that some of them may be so successful as to afford some useful hints about a subject of which our knowledge is so very scanty. The majority, of course, will probably fall back on the old expedient of importing Hungarian birds, or their eggs; but this has not



W. A. Rouch.

CROSSING THE PARK.

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rather on faith than by conviction the general view that driving increases the chances of maintaining a good head of partridges by killing off the old birds rather than the young ones. The average proportion of old to young birds has been kept for ten years. It was found that during the very good seasons of 1896 and 1897 the proportion was two old birds to seven young birds. This year, one of the very worst, it has been at the rate of three old birds to one young bird. In the bad season of 1894 it was about three old birds to two young ones. But a common average of birds killed in a day's driving is one old to two young partridges. Thus, the old birds are killed off rapidly, whereas if the same ground were shot by walking, the percentage of young birds killed and old birds left would be very much higher.

In such a year as the present the importance of these figures cannot be overlooked. In the case of pheasants, the evils wrought by rain and storm may be counterbalanced by rearing a greater number of birds artificially, in the following spring. With partridges, however, the case is different; as has been pointed out many times in the pages of COUNTRY LIFE, no really satisfactory system of rearing partridges by hand has yet had a thorough trial, though many plans have been

always proved an entire success, and more enterprising game-preservers will have a chance of earning the eternal gratitude of their fellow-sportsmen if they show the possibility of increasing the head of game by some other and less expensive means.

It is a question whether there is any undoubted "best way" for the arrangement of coverts from the shooting point of view. Woods which are difficult and rather expensive to show birds in, owing to their shape and to the number of beaters required, often give very fine sport with high birds when these difficulties are overcome successfully. Other woods, which will hold a very large head of pheasants in proportion to their area, are not the best to shoot them from, because the birds give tame shots and come low. But as circumstances alter cases, it may well be that where beaters are difficult to get, and expensive when found, the owner or lessee of shooting might prefer to have small and easily-beaten coverts, and to receive the extra value which he is saved in expenditure by having more pheasants reared.

Taking the shootings in the delectable county of Norfolk alone which, by the kindness of their owners, have been illustrated and described in COUNTRY LIFE, we find a most interesting diversity, and many "excellent differences," while



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A WARM CORNER.

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each and every one of them is worked in a different way. Starting with Holkham, we have the system of massed woods round the sides of a park so large that it is like a small estate in itself, though the boundaries are the park walls, and the woods form a parallelogram. Here the system is to divide up the woods into three days' shooting, to make the whole of the morning one long drive, in which only hares or birds going back are shot, the guns walking with the beaters, and to send all the pheasants into a small detached wood. The real shooting begins after luncheon, and is one continued "corner," with two lines of guns, for two hours. Nothing could be more unlike this than Mr. H. Upcher's woods at Sheringham, where oak groves top the summits of hills close by the sea, overlooking the extreme north-eastern corner of England, and the pheasants are brought across valleys from height to height. The woods of the same owner at Feltwell, specially planted for holding large numbers of pheasants, and on flat or very gently undulating ground, are



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A STAND IN THE OPEN.

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MR. H. G. BUXTON SHOOTING.

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HARD HIT.

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quite different in character from either. Passing to the North Norfolk heaths, on the Cambridgeshire border, the coverts in and round the park at Quidenham are of a totally different order, while those at Lynford, with its masses of fern, Scotch fir, and mixed woods, are of still another type. But nearly all these estates have one point in common about their woods—the coverts are all either of considerable size or very large, and require a considerable number of beaters. They also tend in some instances to give a few very "hot" corners, sometimes with longish intervals between them. Where this is the case some of the guns may possibly not get much shooting at one stand, and must hope to make up for it at another. This is perhaps the original reason for having an additional gun and a loader, which in some places expands to two spare guns and two loaders. If shooting were evenly distributed throughout a day, one gun would probably be enough to deal with each person's share of the birds. But big

coverts with big rises make this impossible. The Beeston Estate, the shooting on which Mr. Gurney Buxton has kindly allowed to be photographed for COUNTRY LIFE, is an example of a totally different class of planting and arrangement of coverts from those mentioned already. Consequently, the method of shooting them is very much modified. Fortunately, the rare and almost unlooked-for occurrence of a fine day gave Mr. Rouch one of the few fair chances of what has been quite as disastrous a year for sporting photography as for sport itself, and the whole series of scenes will be clear to the readers of COUNTRY LIFE, who, if they know the country, will note the minor and minute beauties of this typical day's shooting in the good country near Norwich, almost with the pleasure which an actual visit to the scene would give. The ground is light but flat, or with gentle undulations; the fields are fairly large, the cultivation is good, and the estate is good partridge ground. But in place of the large woods of North and Western Norfolk the coverts are small, and all the shooting is done in the open. Therefore none of the complicated management and carefully-thought-out strategy of Holkham and Merton is needed. Nor would one of the plans illustrating these given in COUNTRY LIFE be the least required to explain the methods used on the Beeston ground. Nevertheless, it gives most excellent sport, and carries a good head both of pheasants and partridges. The coverts, though small and handy, averaging from about three to five acres, have excellent undergrowth, thick in any season, and almost too thick in this one. The result is that the birds are able to lie in them unseen, and can be flushed gradually, instead of all rising at once. All the game in them can be made to show without difficulty. Consequently, on this beat, Mr. Gurney Buxton

limits his guests to one gun each. Here there is no chance of being "out of it" in the few big stands of a day. There are eleven stands in the day, all of them in the open, and many on grass. It is found that the partridges, which in anything like good years are numerous, will work into these small coverts when they will not do so in big ones. It would be interesting to know whether this experience is general. We rather think that it is, though in the very centre of some of the big Sussex woods partridges are always to be found when they are beaten for pheasants. In an average season there is a covey or two of partridges in every covert on the Beeston beat, making a welcome variety in the shooting and in the bag.

W. A. Rouch. MR. GURNEY BUXTON ON HIS PONY.

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This year they have done badly there as elsewhere. Indeed, Mr. Buxton is of opinion that they have done worse near Norwich than almost anywhere else, though the soil is light and favourable. Never since 1879 has there been such a bad season. This is true of nearly all land in Great Britain, except of a few high-lying and dry estates, such, for example, as are to be found on the Cotswolds and in some parts of Scotland.

The illustrations will speak for themselves, the figure of that veteran Norfolk sportsman, Mr. Gurney Buxton, on his piebald shooting pony, especially. The perfection of training of this good family servant, the pony, quietly cropping grass outside a covert, while his master sits on his back awaiting the next high pheasant over his head, is a scene in modern sport as unique as it is delightful. The guns were Mr. Sandcroft Holmes, Colonel Carr Ellison, Mr. F. W. Buxton, Mr. Gurney Buxton, Mr. E. G. Buxton, and Mr. H. G. Buxton. The bag is a striking example of what can be done by good management with small coverts. The total for the day, November 5th, was 506 pheasants, 2 hares, 34 rabbits, and 6 partridges, or 548 head.



W. A. Rouch.

MR. E. G. BUXTON AND BOB.

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A RUNNING COCK.

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W. A. Rouch. MR. GURNEY BUXTON ON HIS PONY.

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M. Emil Frechon.

THE TWO GAFFERS.

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THE CROSS OF THE DUMB.

A CHRISTMAS ON IONA

BY FIONA MACLEOD.

One eve, when St. Columba strode
In solemn mood along the shore,
He met an angel on the road
Who but a poor man's semblance bore.

He wondered much, the holy saint,
What stranger sought the lonely isle,
But seeing him weary and wan and faint
St. Colum hailed him with a smile.

"Remote our lone Iona lies
Here in the grey and windswept sea,
And few are they whom my old eyes
Behold as pilgrims bowing the knee. . . .

"But welcome . . . welcome, . . . stranger-guest,
And come with me and you shall find
A warm and deer-skinn'd cell for rest
And at our board a welcome kind. . . .

"Yet tell me ere the dune we cross
How came you to this lonely land?
No currags in the tideway toss
And none is beached upon the strand?"

The weary pilgrim raised his head
And looked and smiled and said, "From far,
My wandering feet have here been led
By the glory of a shining star. . . ."

St. Colum gravely bowed, and said,
"Enough, my friend, I ask no more;
Doubtless some silence-vow was laid
Upon thee, ere thou soughtst this shore:

"Now, come: and doff this raiment sad
And those rough sandals from thy feet:
The holy brethren will be glad
To haven thee in our retreat."

Together past the praying cells
And past the wattle-woven dome
Whence rang the tremulous vesper bells
St. Colum brought the stranger home.

From thyme-sweet pastures grey with dews
The milch-cows came with swinging tails:
And whirling high the wailing mews
Screamed o'er the brothers at their pails.

A single spire of smoke arose,
And hung, a phantom, in the cold:
Three younger monks set forth to close
The ewes and lambs within the fold.

The purple twilight stole above
The grey-green dunes, the furrowed leas:
And Dusk, with breast as of a dove,
Brooded: and everywhere was peace.

Within the low refectory sate
The little clan of holy folk:
Then, while the brothers mused and ate,
The wayfarer arose and spoke. . . .

"O Colum of Iona-Isle,
And ye who dwell in God's quiet place,
Before I crossed your narrow kyle
I looked in Heaven upon Christ's face."

Thereat St. Colum's startled glance
Swept o'er the man so poorly clad,
And all the brethren looked askance
In fear the pilgrim-guest was mad.

"And, Colum of God's Church i' the sea
And all ye Brothers of the Rood,
The Lord Christ gave a dream to me
And bade me bring it ye as food.

"Lift to the wandering cloud your eyes
And let them scan the wandering Deep . . .
Hark ye not there the wandering sighs
Of brethren ye as outcasts keep?"

Thereat the stranger bowed, and blessed;
Then, grave and silent, sought his cell:
St. Colum mused upon his guest,
Dumb wonder on the others fell.

At dead of night the Abbot came
To where the tired wayfarer slept:
"Tell me," he said, "thy holy name . . ."
— No more, for on bowed knees he
wept . . .

Great awe and wonder fell on him;
His mind was like a lonely wild
When suddenly is heard a hymn
Sung by a tender little child.

For now he knew their guest to be
No man as he and his, but one
Who in the Courts of Ecstasy
Worships, flame-winged, the Eternal Son.

The poor bare cell was filled with light,
That came from the swung moons the Seven
Seraphim swing by day and night
Adown the wide high walls of Heaven.

But on the fern-wove mattress lay
No weary guest. St. Colum kneeled,
And found no trace; but, ashen-grey,
Far off he heard glad anthems pealed.

At sunrise when the matins-bell
Made a cold silvery music fall
Through silence of each lonely cell
And over every fold and stall,

St. Colum called his monks to come
And follow him to where his hands
Would raise the Great Cross of the Dumb
Upon the Holy Island's sands: . . .

"For I shall call from out the Deep
And from the grey fields of the skies,
The brethren we as outcasts keep,
Our kindred of the dumb wild eyes. . . .

"Behold, on this Christ's natal morn,
God wills the widening of His laws,
Another miracle to be born—
For lo, our guest an Angel was! . . .

"His Dream the Lord Christ gave to him
To bring to us as Christmas food,
That Dream shall rise a holy hymn,
And hang like a flower upon the Rood! . . ."

Thereat, while all with wonder stared
St. Colum raised the Holy Tree:
Then all with Christmas singing fared
To where the last sands lipped the sea:

St. Colum raised his arms on high. . . .
"O ye, all creatures of the wing,
Come here from out the fields o' the sky,
Come here and learn a wondrous thing!"

At that the wild clans of the air
Came sweeping in a mist of wings—
Ospreys and fierce solanders there,
Sea-swallows wheeling mazy rings,

The foam-white mew, the green-black scart,
The famishing hawk, the wailing tern,
All birds from the sand-building mart
To lonely bittern and heron. . . .

St. Colum raised beseeching hands
And blessed the pastures of the sea:
"Come, all ye creatures, to the sands,
Come and behold the Sacred Tree!"

At that the cold clans of the wave
With spray and surge and splash appeared:
Up from each wrack-strewn lightless cave
Dim day-struck eyes affrighted peered.

The pollacks came with rushing haste,
The great sea-cod, the speckled bass;
Along the foaming tideway raced
The herring-tribes like shimmering glass:

The mackerel and the dog-fish ran,
The whiting, haddock, in their wake:
The great sea-flounders upward span,
The fierce-eyed conger and the haké:

The greatest and the least of these
From hidden pools and tidal ways
Surged in their myriads from the seas
And stared at St. Columba's face.

"Hearken," he cried, with solemn voice—
"Hearken! ye people of the Deep,
Ye people of the skies, Rejoice!
No more your soulless terror keep!

"For lo, an Angel from the Lord
Hath shown us that wherein we sin—
But now we humbly do His Word
And call you, Brothers, kith and kin. . . .

"No more we claim the world as ours
And everything that therein is—
To-day, Christ's-Day, the infinite powers
Decree a common share of bliss.

"I know not if the new-waked soul
That stirs in every heart I see
Has yet to reach the far-off goal
Whose symbol is this Cross-shaped
Tree. . . .

"But, O dumb kindred of the skies,
O kinsfolk of the pathless seas,
All scorn and hate I exorcise,
And wish you nought but Love and
Peace!"

* * * * *

Thus, on that Christmas-day of old
St. Colum broke the ancient spell.
A thousand years away have rolled,
'Tis now . . . "a baseless miracle."

"O fellow-kinsmen of the Deep,
O kindred of the wind and cloud,
God's children too . . . how He must weep
Who on that day was glad and proud!"

BRITISH POLECATS.

AGREAT deal of discussion is going on at present in several sporting papers as to the necessity of doing something to prevent the extermination of our English fauna. One contemporary published an article suggesting that the London parks should be utilised for this purpose, not as that small portion of Regent's Park which is given up to the Zoological Society is used, but that each animal should have liberty to roam about at its own sweet will. This might answer very well with more or less harmless animals like the squirrel or the water-rat, but these are in no danger of becoming extinct in the immediate future. If, on the other hand, badgers, otters, and the various members of the weasel family, whose numbers are diminishing sadly with the growth of the population and the increase of game preserving, were given a large measure of freedom and protection, the mischief they would work would raise such an outcry against them that the attempt to provide a sanctuary for them would soon have to be given up.

Still, these creatures are all exceedingly interesting to naturalists, and many of their ways would draw admiration from even the least observant among us. It would therefore be a thousand pities if they were to be entirely destroyed, as has happened to so many birds and animals whose mode of life brought them into competition with mankind. Moreover, it has been proved that the majority of them, at any rate, are capable of domestication. A great many good authorities believe that the wild polecat is the immediate ancestor of the common ferret, and advance many plausible arguments in favour of this theory, not the least weighty of which is that the ferret and polecat interbreed freely and produce fertile young. Naturalists of old used to state vaguely that the ferret was imported from North Africa, but it is a curious fact that no animal at all resembling it has been found there by recent naturalists or explorers.

At the present day polecats are found distributed over almost all Northern Europe and Asia, but their range does not extend further South than the north of Spain and Italy, although ancient Roman writers persistently refer to the ferret as a useful domestic animal; in fact, they seem to have looked on it in the same way as we of the present day do on the harmless and necessary cat. But to return to more scientific methods of determining the claims of the polecat to be the ancestor of the humble and, as an old writer described it, "loathly ferret," there is no question that frequently the offspring of ferrets which have not for generations been crossed with polecats revert to the original type; and many keepers learned in the art of ferreting greatly prize such a freak. Only last season the writer came across a ferret whose ancestors for at least



Douglas English.

SOUND ASLEEP.

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three generations had been of the orthodox dirty cream colour with bleary pink eyes, and yet two of a litter of seven answered entirely to the description of the wild polecat given by Sir Harry Johnston in the book he has just published on British mammals. This unimpeachable authority says that the male polecat measures from 23in. to 24in. from the nose to the tip of the tail, and the female about 17in.; both the young ferrets which the writer had the pleasure of seeing at work were females, and their measurements, to the casual eye, quite corresponded with this description. Sir Harry Johnston goes on to say that the under-fur of the polecat is thick, soft, and yellowish brown, but when the animal is not excited this under-coat is nearly concealed by longer hairs of glossy black; however, when attacking an enemy, or defending itself, the polecat has the faculty of making its hair stand on end like "the fretful porcupine," and then the lighter under-coat shows up very distinctly. The muzzle is white, and a band of bluish grey runs right over the forehead. All these characteristics were distinctly seen in the two ferrets referred to, and on that account the old keeper to whom they belonged valued them greatly. He asserted that they were much quicker and more keen at their work than their paler-complexioned brethren, and that they would bolt three rabbits to the others' one. Whether this superiority is always manifest it is impossible to say. Opinions—expert opinions, as usual—differ widely, but the writer can testify to the ability of this particular pair. It seems abundantly clear that anyone who has opportunities and leisure might do worse than try the experiment of taming a few polecats, even if they were not quite a success as sporting animals. It would be a pity if such an interesting

species of the British fauna were to be entirely exterminated, as will most certainly be the case in a very few years, unless something is done to preserve it. No one can honestly deny that the polecat is a most bloodthirsty little beast, and does a surprising amount of damage in game coverts, considering its size; on the other hand, its chief food supply consists of small mammals, such as rats, voles, field-mice, lizards, frogs, and such small deer, not to mention fish, for the polecat is an expert swimmer, and is by no means reluctant to take to water, either when pursued or for the purpose of capturing a succulent trout or perch.

One of the principal objections to the domestication of the polecat is its very objectionable odour, due to its power of secreting a very obnoxious fluid by means of special glands situated near its tail. This is, no doubt, one of the weapons with which Nature has endowed it to ward off the attacks of its too numerous enemies, and which is developed to a much greater extent in its near relative, the skunk; but except when alarmed or excited this



Douglas English.

DISTURBED AT HIS MEAL.

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detestable faculty is not resorted to. We have always supposed that the old name of fumart was derived from this characteristic—*i.e.*, foul marten; but, on the other hand, if Sir Harry Johnston's theory holds good that the name polecat comes from the French "poule" cat, because the animal is, or rather was, such an enemy to the farmers' poultry, we can see no reason why fumart should not have originally meant fowl marten. After all, what's in a name? The fumart could not, under any circumstances, be expected to smell as sweetly as a rose. Yet the accompanying pictures will, perhaps, convince someone that it is worthy of a little amount of attention to prevent its entire extinction.

FAT STOCK AT BIRMINGHAM.

EXCEEDINGLY interesting are the results of the show that opened at Birmingham on Saturday last, and especially the remarkable success achieved by His Majesty King Edward VII. In another column a contributor offers some comment upon the triumphs of the Aberdeen-Angus breed of cattle as beef producers, but the Windsor Herefords have on this occasion been too much for the black cattle. During the time of the late Queen Victoria the foundation of a splendid herd was laid, and under the fostering care of Mr. Tait it has become indisputably the best in the kingdom. The steer with which he carried off the Championship of the Show is a magnificent specimen of his breed. He is two years, eleven months, and two weeks old, and weighs 15cwt. 2qr. 12lb. If the judging were by weight, however, he would not have gained the highest



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SHOWING FIGHT.

Douglas English. BRITISH POLECATS: A BLOODTHIRSTY BEAST. Copyright

place; but his magnificent proportions, his splendid top, and general symmetry well entitle him to the honour that he carried off. He was exhibited last year at Smithfield, and, as may perhaps be remembered, won the special prize for the best animal under two years old. It cannot be said that on this occasion he had not worthy competitors, as the reserve to him was Mr. Cridlan's great steer Twin Ben, by Equerry of Ballindalloch. He took a third at Smithfield last year, and, as stated was first at Norwich a fortnight ago, where he was Champion. He is somewhat heavier than the King's steer, though almost the same age, he being two years, eleven months, and three weeks old. His weight is 17cwt. 1qr. 27lb. For the King to have beaten such an animal as this is the highest distinction possible. But the Royal herds have done exceptionally well this year. From the Windsor farm there were sent three Herefords, two shorthorns, and four Devons, as well as a Dexter from Sandringham. These representatives, among them, carried off three of the Challenge Cups given for the best animals in the cattle section, three special breed awards, four first prizes, four seconds, and two reserves.

To take the breeds in detail, the Herefords, as is usual at Birmingham, formed a very strong class. There were twenty-three entries altogether, and several of the animals were of the very first rank. The second prize went to Captain H. L. Townshend for a capital steer, bred by Mr. H. P. Russell, that was third last year at Smithfield. This animal for pure weight exceeded all competitors. He is two years, ten months, and one week old, and scales 18cwt. 2qr. 19lb. Mr. W. H. Cooke was third. In shorthorns there was an entry of twenty-two. The first prize went to a white steer by Loyalist belonging to Sir Oswald Mosley. Mr. Lewtas was second, and Mr. Thorley third. For young steers Lord Tredegar was first with the red that won at Newport the other week. The King came second with a red and white by Prince Victor. In the class for cows or heifers His Majesty was easily first with a splendid roan named Fair One, who is also the progeny of Prince Victor. She carried off the £50 special prize as the best shorthorn in the show. Mr. J. Thorley came second with a heifer weighing over 16cwt. In Devons, Viscount Portman took the first prize with Muscat's Brother, who was first in the young class at Smithfield last year. Here the King was second with a steer by Gipsy Boy, but for young steers he carried off both first and second with two splendid animals by Mantoch Bridegroom. His Majesty also took the first prize in the class for cows or heifers with an animal by the same sire. In Aberdeen-Angus, Mr. Cridlan was first, and second to him was Mr. R. W. Hudson's Danesfield Jehu. In young steers, the Rev. C. Bulden was first, and Mr. Hudson second. The other Scotch breeds represented were West Highlanders and Galways. In the former breed, the Hon. F. G. Wynn was first for steers, and Sir John Swinburne was first for cows. The latter was first for his Galway steer. The special £50 prize for the best Scot went to Mr. Cridlan's Aberdeen-Angus. It also carried off the Masemore Park Challenge Cup. Thus Mr. Cridlan was successful in winning his own prize. There was a very good show of Welsh cattle, in which Mr. Wynn was first and Mr. Hughes second and reserve. Cross-bred cattle are always an interesting show at Birmingham. Mr. P. Dunn came out first for steers under three years old, with a cross between shorthorn and Galway. This animal, two years, eleven months, and three weeks old, weighs 18cwt. 2lb. Mr. Hudson came second, with a cross between shorthorn and a black. The same cross furnished the winner in the young steer class. It is the property of Mr. Emmerson. In the class for heifers not exceeding three years old it is interesting to note that Mr. Hudson was again first with his Danesfield Patricia out of a Dexter cow by an Aberdeen-Angus bull. But for her diminutive size this heifer would have taken an even more distinguished place. In Kerries and Dexters Mr. Hudson was first, and the King second with a Red Dexter bred at Sandringham.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE UTILITY POULTRY CLUB LAYING COMPETITIONS.

[**TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."**] SIR,—Mr. E. D. Wylie, in your issue of November 28th, expresses a wish that the above competitions could be carried on for a much longer period than sixteen weeks. I shall be glad if you will favour me with a little space for a reply. The competitions are held for the purpose of determining the best laying strains of fowls, and of still further improving the same. Birds which are good all-round layers must be depended on to produce a fair percentage of eggs in the winter months. Firstly, it may be taken for granted that a bird which will lay regularly in the winter, with all the disadvantages of the season and the inclemency of the weather against it, will also prove to be a good layer when the spring—the natural egg season—arrives. This is borne out by experience. Such being the case it follows, secondly, that breeders, having been assured by careful record keeping in the winter that certain birds have proved prolific layers, would not desire to wait, say, another twelve months before mating up and breeding from them. Thirdly, the expenses of these competitions are heavy, and the cost of continuing a record for twelve months or two years would be out of all proportion to the doubtful advantages gained. As these contests are conducted at present it is possible for a successful competitor to mate up his selected pullets in the spring, and hatch from their eggs birds which may prove yet more prolific than their parents, and so save a whole season's delay. Speaking generally, a fowl lays the greatest number of eggs during the first eighteen months of her life, and from that time the number gradually dwindles until she is no longer a profit-earning member of the community. Though it would be interesting to know how many eggs a pedigree layer would produce in the course of a life of, say, three years, yet, from a practical standpoint, no useful purpose would be served thereby.—CYRIL DUNKLEY, Hon. Sec. Laying Competitions of the Utility Poultry Club, Brewood Vicarage, Stafford.

THE SALE OF FIREARMS.

[**TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."**]

SIR,—I am glad to see that in some parts of the country the new law regarding the sale of firearms is being rigorously enforced, but, unfortunately, this is not universally true. Only the other day I found the gardener's boy, a youth of about fourteen, busily engaged in shooting blackbirds, or, rather, shooting at them with a cheap pistol, which he informed me he had purchased from the village store the day before. Now my garden is right in the centre of the village, and the walls, unfortunately, are not very high, so that the danger to the general public was by no means inconsiderable. I therefore confiscated the weapon, and went to remonstrate with the shopkeeper. He assured me that he had never heard of any law to prevent the selling of pistols to all and sundry, and though he had disposed of two similar ones within the week, he had never thought of making any memorandum of the fact, or enquiring whether the buyers held a gun licence. On hearing how the law stood, he promised to be more careful in future as to whom he sold lethal weapons. This was so far satisfactory, but I fear many others are in a like state of blissful ignorance, and it behoves the police authorities to see that this most useful and necessary law is duly administered, otherwise it will shortly become a dead letter. I trust you will be good enough to spare space in your valuable paper for this protest on so important a matter.—A COUNTRY DOCTOR.



A DUTCH SADDLER.

[**TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."**] SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of a Dutch saddler. He, like nearly all the saddlers to be found in English villages, is a great character and magnate in his own small way. Why it should be that a particular trade develops traits in the human mind, I am unable to say, but I have often noticed in our own country that the saddler's shop is the centre for all gossip of the country-side. In fact, as a rule, the saddler's shop forms an unofficial village club, where matters of domestic policy, to say nothing of the great political questions of the moment, are discussed at length, and with the greatest possible vigour. The same holds true about the shop of the Dutch saddler, shown in this picture. It is the general meeting-place, not only for farmers from the surrounding districts who actually do business with him, but for the heads of the village. I trust you may think the picture interesting enough to publish in COUNTRY LIFE.—S. R.

A "LEMON SKYE."

[**TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."**] SIR,—I have just seen a nice photograph in your paper of a dog which the sender calls a lemon Skye; and then says it is of the Kilbride breed! As a Skyeman I must protest at such a preposterous idea. The Kilbride Skye is the true breed of Skye terrier of the white kind, and no one in Skye or elsewhere ever heard of a lemon Skye. It must be a newly invented name, to which your correspondent is welcome, but in fairness to the family who for generations have bred the Kilbride terrier, do not connect it with a lemon Skye.—A. M.

[We forwarded this note to Mrs. Blackburn, whose reply is printed below.—ED.]

SIR,—I am grieved to have given offence to a Skyeman by describing my little terrier, in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE, as a lemon Skye. As an inhabitant of that charming island, I am desirous of living at peace with all Skymen, but I am at a loss to know how otherwise to describe the creamy white colour, with yellow points, of these dogs. Surely lemon is the term usually employed for that particular colouring in dogs? Your correspondent, "A. M.", must have forgotten, when he uses Kilbride terrier as a specific

name for a white Skye terrier, that some of the best of those bred at Kilbride and known by that name were grey. I may add that, before the photograph of Nikola appeared in COUNTRY LIFE, I mentioned to a member of the family on whose behalf "A. M." is so indignant, that I was describing him as a lemon Skye terrier of the Kilbride breed. If "A. M." wishes to continue this correspondence I hope he will have the courtesy to disclose his identity.—ESTHER M. BLACKBURN, Ostaig, Isle of Skye.

A TEAM OF DONKEYS.

[**TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."**]

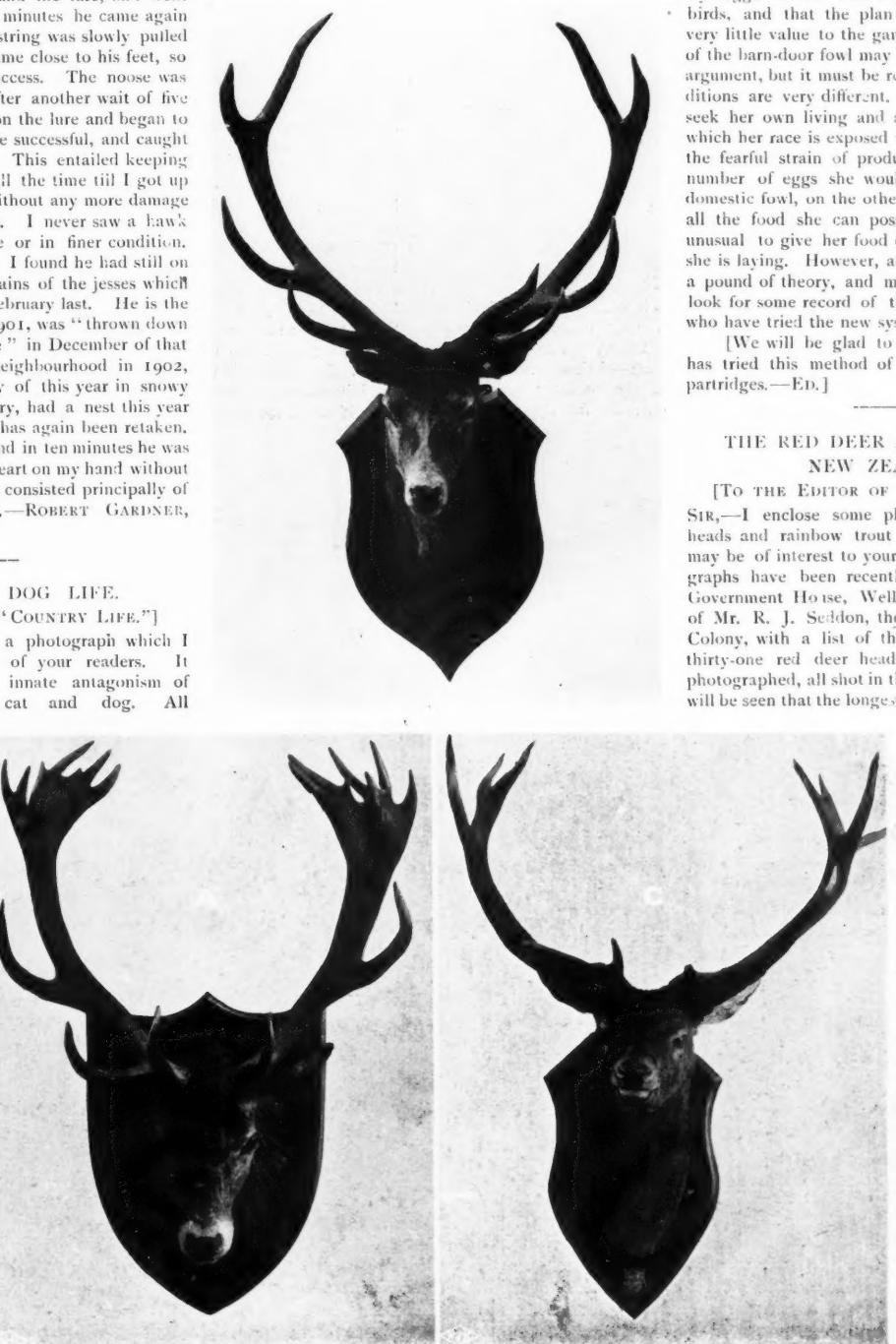
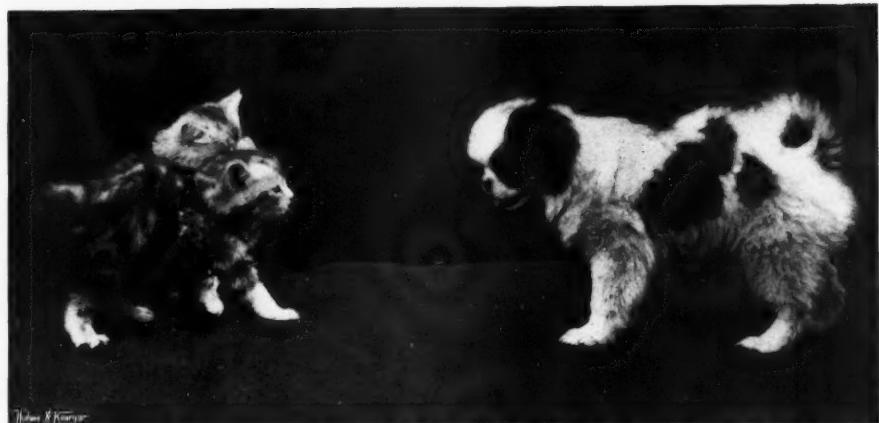
SIR,—A few weeks ago you published a number of excellent photographs of donkeys driven singly, in pairs, and tandem fashion. I thought, therefore, you might consider the enclosed photograph of sufficient interest to reproduce in COUNTRY LIFE. The photograph was taken some time ago, and the team of twelve donkeys belong to an old man who lives between Henley-on-Thames and Wycombe. He uses them chiefly for drawing beech wood for chair-making which is one of the principal industries in this part of the country.—M. B.



RECOVERING A KESTREL.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—This afternoon, when out with my sparrowhawk, Tuscarora, in some fields near here, I noticed her looking earnestly skywards, and at the same time heard the call of a kestrel. Taking my cue from the hawk, I saw a very fine kestrel hovering over us, and at once threw out a lure garnished with a piece of meat. The kestrel seemed inclined to come towards it, and when I gave my usual falconer's whistle he answered by a cry that identified him as the one I wrote to you about in January last. The letter appeared in your issue of February 21st. Being single-handed, I was puzzled what to do to capture him, but, seeing a horseshoe on the ground, I tied the lure to it and left it there, taking my sparrowhawk to the lee of a hedge, where I pegged her down. By this time the kestrel had settled on the lure, and was tearing away at it. At a cottage near by I got a ball of twine, with which I tried to wind him up, but he would not allow me to walk round him at 50yds. distance, the farthest I could get away, on account of the hedge. I next made a running noose round the lure, and went off about 70yds. In five minutes he came again to the lure, and when the string was slowly pulled he stepped over it as it came close to his feet, so the first draw was not a success. The noose was set a second time, and after another wait of five minutes he again settled on the lure and began to feed. This time I was more successful, and caught him by the legs and tail. This entailed keeping a good pull on the string all the time till I got up to him and secured him without any more damage than a bite on the thumb. I never saw a hawk in more beautiful plumage or in finer condition. He is a perfect picture. I found he had still on his legs a bell and the remains of the jesses which he had when let off in February last. He is the kestrel Rugby, a bird of 1901, was "thrown down the wind to prey at fortune" in December of that year, had a nest in the neighbourhood in 1902, was recaptured in January of this year in snowy weather, let off in February, had a nest this year on the Deri hill, and now has again been retaken. I put new jesses on him, and in ten minutes he was eating a piece of sheep's heart on my hand without baiting. The first casting consisted principally of beetles' wings and legs.—ROBERT GARDNER, Maisemore, Abergavenny.



A CAT AND DOG LIFE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph which I think may amuse some of your readers. It illustrates very well the innate antagonism of race existing between cat and dog. All the actors in the scene are babies, but still their natural instincts teach them that there is a blood feud between their families, which has lasted for centuries, and shows very little sign of dying out, although under the civilising power of man's influence a truce is occasionally made, and a cat and dog will sometimes live in peace under the same roof, and even show a certain amount of affection for each other. Indeed, I once had an Irish terrier who was quite friendly with the house cat, but would ruthlessly pursue any of her visitors he discovered in the garden. Fortunately for

them, they generally succeeded in reaching a friendly tree or other place of refuge.—T. B.

INCREASING THE STOCK OF PARTRIDGES.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In your issue of the 21st ult. you publish an article by "Argus Olive" advocating the removal of each partridge's egg as soon as it is laid, so as to induce the bird to go on laying many more eggs than she would in the natural course of events. This is a very old and a very well-known egg-stealer's "dodge," and an old poacher of my acquaintance has frequently assured me that if nothing happen to drive the bird away from the nest, the final result invariably is that she dies, and is found either on the nest or in the immediate neighbourhood, "with her back broken," my old friend stated. The more probable theory, I think, is that the bird dies of pure exhaustion, especially as the poacher admitted that when found birds so treated were generally so thin as to be of "no use for the pot." Now, if this be the case, it does not seem to me that birds in such a condition could possibly lay eggs which would produce healthy young birds, and that the plan would therefore be of very little value to the game preserver. The ease of the barn-door fowl may be cited to confute this argument, but it must be remembered that the conditions are very different. The partridge has to seek her own living and avoid all the danger to which her race is exposed while she is undergoing the fearful strain of producing nearly double the number of eggs she would naturally lay. The domestic fowl, on the other hand, is supplied with all the food she can possibly want, and it is not unusual to give her food of a better quality while she is laying. However, an ounce of fact is worth a pound of theory, and many of your readers will look for some record of the experiences of those who have tried the new system.—C. S.

[We will be glad to hear from anyone who has tried this method of increasing the stock of partridges.—ED.]

THE RED DEER AND TROUT OF NEW ZEALAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose some photographs of red deer heads and rainbow trout from New Zealand that may be of interest to your readers. These photographs have been recently sent me direct from Government House, Wellington, by the courtesy of Mr. R. J. Seddon, the Prime Minister of the Colony, with a list of the horn measurements of thirty-one red deer heads, including the three photographed, all shot in the Wairarapa district. It will be seen that the longest head in the list measures

42in. in length, that there are three over 40in. in length, and no less than seven heads 40in. and over in greatest width. The majority of measurements are good all round, but, with the exception of the 22-pointer (photograph marked A), I doubt if any are a record. Mr. Rowland Ward has the record of one New Zealand head at least 44in. in length of horn, and I believe, even longer heads than this have been shot. But the 22-pointer seems to be quite remarkable for beam and weight. It is a wonderfully good-topped head, and its girth of horn approaches that of a wapiti, a remarkable testimony to the temperate

[Dec. 5th, 1903.]

climate and good natural grazing of the Wairarapa district. The length and span of the head are, in this case, naturally sacrificed to weight of horn. In photograph B we have a fine strong 10-pointer, with remarkably good and heavy tines. The head in photograph C does not appear to offer any special points of interest, although it is a fine strong head of good rough horn. One tine is apparently broken.—HENRY SETON-KARR.

RIDER'S LEG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]
SIR,—For some time past I have been suffering from what is commonly called "rider's leg," i.e., a sprain on the muscles of the thigh, causing great pain when taking a fence on horseback, and a general feeling of weakness. I wonder if any of your readers could recommend anything which I could wear to remedy the evil. I have worn a broad web strap, but it does not appear to do much good.—HUNTSMAN.

STUMBLING PONY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]
SIR,—With reference to "Country Parson's" stumbling pony, I would recommend him to see if the pony wears his shoes away more at the toe than elsewhere. If this is the case, the pony, if unshod, would wear away his toes and then not trip. Before the pony is shod his toes should be rounded off and the shoe turned up to fit; when the shoe at the toe does not wear more than elsewhere it has been turned up enough. The subject is very clearly explained in Sir F. Fitzwygram's book on the horse, and the treatment is very commonly required for Arabs in India. I have just tried it very successfully with a horse here.—TREFFGARNE, Treffgarne Hall, R.S.O., Pembrokeshire.

[This correspondence must now be closed.—ED.]

A FAMOUS POINTER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In kindly sending me the enclosed picture of his celebrated Lingfield Bess, Mr. Mitchell says that you may try for a year without getting as good a picture; indeed, we never saw a better. The camera always has one fault in the representation of pointers—their sterns always come out coarser than they are in Nature. In this picture the fault is slightly apparent; but then, if pointer-lovers examine for themselves,

MEASUREMENTS OF DEER HEADS SHOT IN THE WAIRARAPA DISTRICT, NEW ZEALAND.

| Points. | Length of Antlers. | Width Between Beams. | Span Over All. | Coronet (Girth). | Girth, Brow and Bey. | Girth, Bey and Tres. | Girth Above. | Length of Tres. Brows. | Length of Bey. | Length of Tres. |
|---------|--------------------|----------------------|------------------|------------------|----------------------------------|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
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| 10 | 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 35 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 5 5 | 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ 12 | 6 7 | 8 7 |
| 22 | 35 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 27 | | 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ 7 | 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ 8 | 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 12 12 | 14 12 |
| 17 | 38 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 25 | 32 | | | | 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ 11 | 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ 15 |
| 14 | 41 | 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 32 | | 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ | | 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ | | | |
| 12 | 27 | 27 | | | | 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ | | | | |
| 12 | 37 | 30 | 30 | 8 | | 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ | | | | |
| 16 | 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 28 | 39 | 10 | 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 6 6 | 6 6 | 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ 12 | 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| 16 | 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 41 | 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ 6 | 6 6 | 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ | | |
| 14 | 35 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 24 | 30 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 8 | 7 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 12 12 | | |
| 14 | 42 | 30 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 35 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 7 | 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 14 |
| 12 | 35 | | 35 | 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ | | | | | | |
| 11 | 35 | | 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 8 | | | | | | |
| 16 | 40 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 34 | 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 10 | 7 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ | | | |
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| | | | | | | | Girth of Tres. | | | |
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they will find that no unfaked photograph is entirely free from this. Lingfield Bess in this picture shows wonderful points; her neck and shoulder, as here shown, could not be touched, even by the brush of a Land-seer, and improved upon; her chest, back, and stiles are shown for all they are worth, and apparently are of the very best in Nature, as well as in the photograph. Bess evidently has her grouse very near, for she often points with a very high head; we observe her doing so in other photographs, also by her owner. Mr. Mitchell bred Bess in January, 1900, and ran her with some success at the field trials; she was by his still more celebrated Woolton Druid, who continued his field-trial successes from 1893 to 1898. This long record shows what a hardy, cut-and-come-again dog he was. He was of a first-rate working strain of blood, too, going back on the sire's side through Woolton Dick, Ighfield Dick, Dick III., and Young Bang; on the dam's, through Lake Lawn and Lanceet. Lingfield Bess on her dam's side traces to Kent Bang and Naso of Upton. Her dam was Lunesdale Ling, grandam of the show champion Lunesdale Wagg; but perhaps a greater claim to good breeding of Lunesdale Ling is that her dam, Haidee Friar, is of the same blood as the champion field-trial winner, Faskally Bragg.—A. O.



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